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# The Listener

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Indian villagers returning home after a day's work on their land (see 'India and Pakistan after Ten Years', by Philip Mason, page 189)

In this number:

Mental Disorder and Crime (R. M. Jackson)

Berlin: City of Tomorrow (Nikolaus Pevsner)

St. Paul's through the Ages (Alec Clifton-Taylor)



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# The Listener

Vol. LVIII. No. 1480

Thursday August 8 1957

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## The Coming West German Election

By R. V. HUME

ONLY thirty-seven years ago, in June 1920, I witnessed in Berlin the first general election ever to be held for the legislature of a republican Germany. The Imperial Germany of Bismarck had been defeated in war. The Emperor had abdicated and fled to Holland, and as late as March 1920 civil war had been threatened in the incident known as the 'Kapp Putsch'. So the Reichstag Election of 1920 was a milestone in German constitutional history comparable in our own with the events of 1660 and the initiation of parliamentary government as we know it. Our own system of government can look back on three centuries of gradual evolution since the Restoration; whereas the thirty-seven years which have elapsed since those republican Reichstag elections included twelve years of nazi dictatorship followed by ten years of military occupation. So that Germany today is left with a meagre, broken total of a mere fifteen years' experience of completely free parliamentary government behind her. Not only that, but it is only two years since the Federal Republic received her sovereignty from the occupying powers. The forthcoming elections, therefore, will be the first for twenty-four years to be held in a completely free Germany.

Much is already being said and written in and outside Germany about the issues of these elections. I will mention only the three which seem to me to dominate or colour all the others. They are German unity, rearmament, and industrial relations. In a different form the same problems were present during the last completely free elections

(those of 1933 which gave Hitler his first absolute majority) and, as we know, Hitler's methods of solving them led directly to the last war. Today, in contrast, under very different international circumstances, we have pledged our full support to the Federal Republic, with whom we are allied in Nato, for her reunion with Berlin and the 17,000,000 Germans of Russian-occupied Eastern Germany.

The burning desire for unity, fanned by the riots in Berlin in 1953 and by more recent events in Hungary and Poland, is not itself an election issue. The issue lies in the bitter differences which exist between the parties as to how, and above all how soon, it can be achieved by peaceful methods. In the West the recent return of the Saar to the Federal Republic has served as an example to the German voter of what can be done by patient negotiation in such matters. But it has understandably given an additional fillip to German impatience in the East. And we must never forget that over one-fifth of the West German population consists of refugees and people expelled, not only from Russian-occupied Germany but also from ex-German territory in countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia, and that they are organised and vocal in demanding the return of their homelands.

Rearmament, and in particular the question of whether the new Wehrmacht should eventually be armed with atomic weapons, and the fear that Germany might become an atomic battlefield, are in the forefront of the election campaign. But here, too, it is primarily the effect, real or imagined, of Western German rearmament on the Russians and thus on



the chances of reunion in peace, which will influence the attitude of many electors. Small wonder that foreign observers are often confused by cross-currents of opinion in Germany on the subject of her own rearmament.

As for industrial relations, although German industry has for some years presented a picture of remarkable harmony between capital and labour there are now signs, such as the prolonged strike in the shipyards of Schleswig-Holstein last winter, that German labour may be about to demand a larger slice of the recovery cake.

Reunification, rearmament, and latent industrial tension thus combine to charge the political atmosphere with a heavy load of static electricity.

#### Battle over Dr. Adenauer—

The West German electoral law provides that most members will be returned by direct election, but that the remainder of the seats shall be allotted by a system of proportional representation to those parties which achieve over 5 per cent. of the total national poll. This means that not more than about six parties should be serious contenders in these elections. Of these the three most important are the Christian Democrats (the governing party of Dr. Adenauer), their traditional opponents, the Social Democrats of Herr Ollenhauer, and thirdly the Free Democrats. The main battle will be fought between the first two great parties who between them hold almost 400 of the 487 seats in the present House. It will inevitably centre largely upon the personality of Dr. Adenauer. But the Free Democrats, at present only forty-seven strong, may well improve their position to a point where they would hold the balance of power. They regard themselves as the upholders of the old German liberal tradition which, by modern standards, labels them as conservative or even nationalist. At one time they were coalition partners of Dr. Adenauer and still generally support him in the Bundestag. But they have recently split and most of them now adopt a line more independent of him, particularly in foreign affairs.

History, geography, and the national characteristics derived from them tend, in Germany, to make human relations in general and politics in particular more uncompromising than they are in Britain. However bitter our British political differences may be, a general election in this country nowadays at most brings about a change of administration with occasional incidental amendments to our unwritten constitution such as reform of the House of Lords. Not since the seventeenth century has the entire system of government been a matter for the electorate. But modern German representative government in its brief and stormy history has naturally been unable to build up such a tradition. One in six of this autumn's West German electors were eligible to vote for the first republican Reichstag in history those thirty-seven years ago. Moreover, almost one-half of the electorate this year will have been voters in the fateful elections of 1933, which enabled Hitler to seize power. So it is hardly surprising that the German voter should tend to take an extreme view of his political opponent and to seek his defeat at the polls less as a political objective than as a patriotic duty.

Among my souvenirs of that first election in 1920 is an election poster of the so-called 'German People's Party', the moderate conservatives of Dr. Stresemann who, like Dr. Adenauer, did so much to bring back the defeated Germany of his day into the international club. It described the Social Democrats of those days who were then destined to form the first representative constitutional Government as 'accomplices of our enemies', and 'arch-scoundrels and traitors' and accused them of stabbing in the back what they called the

'undefeated' army of 1918. Feelings ran so strongly in the early years of the Weimar Republic that the risk of assassination became an occupational hazard for the moderate politician. The examples of two cabinet ministers, Erzberger and Rathenau, neither of them Socialists, who were assassinated in successive years, and the courage, year after year, under constant threat, of Stresemann himself were reminders of the existence of sinister forces. These were close to the surface in the nineteen-twenties, blatantly obvious in the Nazi era, but have not been visible since 1945 for at least one good reason.

In contrast to the unhappy conditions which enabled Hitler to wreck the Weimar Republic, Federal Germany today is, as we all know, in far easier circumstances. Weimar Germany, a sovereign state but a defeated nation, was disarmed, ostracised, pressed for impossible reparations, subjected to sanctions, and finally engulfed in a world slump. The Federal Republic, although only two years old as a sovereign state, admittedly has her grievance of separation from Eastern Germany. But, with the encouragement and support of her ex-enemies in the West, she has achieved an astonishing economic recovery from the effects of war. Material prosperity should, theoretically, encourage moderation in politics. But it would be too much to expect the virus of extremism to die over-night in a country with such a stormy recent history—a country moreover in which ex-Nazi personalities have for years been playing an increasingly important part.

Even in regional government, in at least one instance I know of, the non-socialist parties formed a coalition purely to keep the Socialists out, only to discover that they could not agree amongst themselves on an adequate constructive programme of their own. Similarly the Social Democrats, at an earlier stage of discussions on German rearmament, suggested an unworkably complicated system of parliamentary control of the new armed forces. Their attitude was largely dictated by the fear that the armed forces might be used by an anti-socialist government to dragoon organised labour. The Social Democrats in the present election campaign are already using the uncompromising slogan: 'A vote for the Christian Democrats is a vote for atom war!'

It is too early yet to say whether this implacable antagonism between Socialist and non-socialist will moderate as time goes on, but it is based firmly enough on experience since the first world war to live on in the minds of an electorate some of whom can still remember it in its original guise of 'Revolution *versus* Reaction'.

#### —The National Leader

Whatever happens, leadership and particularly the personality of Dr. Adenauer will, judging by past experience, play a bigger part than we would normally expect in a British election. Direct election is a comparative innovation in Germany and the national leader rather than the local candidate still means most to the elector. Dr. Adenauer has his critics. His enemies accuse him on the one hand of being the lackey of the West and on the other of being the stalking horse of a Nazi revival. But no one denies that he has been outstandingly skilful in leading Western Germany to her present place in the world, although only all-German elections could finally determine his acceptability as harmoniser of a united Germany.

One verse, and one verse only, of '*Deutschland über Alles*' is now the anthem of the Federal Republic. This is the prayer for: 'Unity and justice and freedom for the German homeland' (*Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit*). Unity first, justice second, freedom third. Of one thing we can be sure. The German elector will go to the polls believing that justice and freedom can be achieved only in a united Germany.

—Home Service



# India and Pakistan after Ten Years

The first of five talks by PHILIP MASON

GOING back to India and Pakistan, for one who has lived and worked there as long as I have, is rather like visiting the first love of one's boyhood. You are bound to wonder what she looks like now, how she has fared in someone else's hands, what it might have been like if you had not made the mistakes you did make. India and Pakistan have been involved with England so long and so closely—such a vital part of my own life has been spent there—that I was bound, on return, to feel that pang of recognition and surprise that you feel on meeting after a long absence a person you have once loved.

That makes it no easier to assess what has happened. In fact, I cannot attempt an assessment, a report, a cold-blooded analysis. There is this emotional involvement, this tie of affection for people and places; and, apart from that, we are discussing two countries which between them have about 400,000,000 people, many languages, and a wide variety of customs. You cannot generalise about such numbers and such variety without saying something you immediately perceive to be untrue.

So this is not a report. It is a series of personal impressions, not of India nor of Pakistan, but of village people—and in both countries over 70 per cent. of the people live in villages—in the great fertile plain that stretches for 1,000 miles along the foot of the Himalayas. And it is an impression of certain villages only: I might have found something different if I had gone to other villages. That fertile plain is now divided between Pakistan and India, but on the whole the people who live there do not differ more than a Yorkshireman from a Devonian. They till the land in the same kind of way, they grow the same kind of crops—more cotton in the west, more sugar in the east, but wheat everywhere. And their problems are much the same. There are too many people for the land; there is poverty, ignorance, malaria—that vicious trio each of which breeds its neighbour and is bred by it in turn. But they are people one can grow very fond of; their hospitality, which is unbelievable; their sense of humour; their patience; their knack for being at their best in an emergency—all these are endearing qualities, though they have some maddening ones too.

How had these people fared in someone else's hands? That was what I wanted to know. Could it possibly be true, as some English people used to say, that inequality was so strong, so deep-rooted a feature of Asian social history, that rulers of their own people would not look after them as well as we, their British rulers, had done? I did not myself believe that; I thought that, certainly by 1947, the time had come when we ought to go, when only rulers of their own choosing could grapple with their problems. But perhaps I had been thinking in abstractions, while the peasant had

woken to a bitter reality. I went to find out, so far as I could.

I might easily pass on to you a completely wrong impression. There is an amiable desire in the Indian villager to be polite—and in the Pakistani from the Punjab too, though he is a bit more direct. Then there is an artistic impulse, the desire to make a good job of any story you tell. Then again the peasant or the farmer all the world over likes a grumble. He has a feeling that if he says things are bad, there is just a possibility that Divine Providence—or the Government—may do something about it; to

say things are good would be asking for trouble.

I was not surprised, then, to hear contradictory things said, even by the same man. I went back, when I got to India, to a district I used to know, one of my first; I spent a week there, wandering from village to village, talking to people. A moment came when this wandering was over; I was on my way back to Lucknow, the capital of the State, with an aircraft to catch and the world of time that goes by the clock ticking away in front of me. But before I left the district I stopped the car by the side of the road and went



Indian village scene

H. D. Keilor

into one more village. I saw a little wizened old man and asked him the name of the village, how much land he had, how many bullocks he had to plough with—just to get a conversation started.

After a while he began to tell me about a bad place in the village road, where bullocks went in up to the neck in the rains. I saw he took me for a government official and let him go on thinking so. 'Oh, yes', I said, 'I'll look at it presently'. 'I see you've got electricity in this village', I said. 'You used not to have that'. He agreed that that was a good thing and I pointed out other advantages of the present—houses being sprayed with D.D.T. for malaria—other things of that kind.

'Yes', he said politely, 'the times are good; things are all as you people kindly order them'.

'You people?' I asked him. 'Who do you think I am?'

'I don't know who you are', he said, 'but you must be a commissioner or a deputy commissioner or something of the kind'.

'Not a bit'. I said, 'I used to be, but I left India, ten years ago, and I've just come back to have a look round'.

'Oh', said he, and I could see him reassessing the situation. 'Well, of course, since your day things have got very difficult. Prices are up, taxes are up—things are very hard for a poor man. Nobody listens to the poor. It was better in your day...' And so on—grumbles I had heard again and again. Are they just politenesses, as the first agreement had been, meant to show that the English were regretted? Not altogether; I heard some of the answer to that a few hundred yards further on. Here I met two men and got them to argue with each other.



This time I told them from the start who I was. They were both peasants—small farmers—though one had been a schoolmaster in a primary school for much of his life; he knew no English but he did read the newspapers in his own language, which the other did not; now he had retired and was living on seven or eight acres.

'Well, seven acres is enough', I said.

'Enough to be jolly hard work', he said.

The other had rather more land, thirty or forty acres; he was better off than most, but he had a sardonic look on his face; realistic, disillusioned, but humorous and good-tempered. He said electric light and D.D.T. did not fill a man's belly; high prices and high taxes were all that concerned the poor; things were better in the old days.

'Poor!' said the schoolmaster with friendly scorn. 'He's rich. But he thinks only of his pocket. Doesn't it mean anything to you that India's a free country? That she takes her place in the United Nations and speaks her mind as she wants?'

'Precious little', said the peasant. 'The United Nations won't buy me a new loin cloth. Look at this! Patched up from old ones. I wouldn't have worn such a thing when the British were here. Today a new one would cost me four or five times what it used to.'

I suggested that high prices cut both ways for a farmer; he sold high as well as bought high. But he said the things he sold—sugar-cane was the most important—were not fetching so good a price as in 1946. The old schoolmaster turned on him:

'Prices go on going up, don't they? It's true wheat before the war was a quarter of the price it is today, but it was half that again when I was a boy and no doubt in the times of Emperor Akbar [in English terms, that's Queen Elizabeth I] it was much less still. That isn't anything to do with independence'.

I came to his help. 'Isn't it true', I asked, 'that when I was in the district twenty-five years ago the peasants sold their wheat to pay the rent? They lived mostly on millet. Now they keep as much wheat as they need to eat and sell the rest. They give most of the millet to cattle. Isn't that true?'

He admitted, rather grudgingly, that people did eat more wheat, and the schoolmaster weighed in with another punch: 'And don't you drink tea with sugar in it three times a day? How many people did that thirty years ago?'

'He sits there grumbling', I said—rather unfairly, you might think, but he took it all in very good part—'but in many ways he's better off than ever before. And what remedy does he suggest for high prices? They're the same all over the world'.

The peasant scratched his head and grinned; the schoolmaster said: 'Remedy! The remedy's for this chap to do some work, instead of sitting about grumbling'. He went on: 'And isn't it

something that we three can sit here joking together as equals, when ten years ago we should have talked to you with obsequious phrases? Those who can't read and write think only about prices. But those of us who can read can see that it's a great thing to be free and to order things our own way, to be masters in our own house. Of course, there are inconveniences; some things aren't perfect; but life is like that. Pain and pleasure; life is made up of pain and pleasure'. We could all agree about that.

I enjoyed that conversation and it brings out points that I heard from many people, many of which apply just as much in Pakistan. It is my impression that in this area—Rohilkand, the Western U.P.—a man with six or seven acres or more of land (that is rather above the average) was getting more from his land than he used to, eating better food, expecting more of life. More milk and wheat and sugar are staying in the villages. In the Punjab, the Pakistan half, I would say a man with twelve and a half acres or more in his own name is not badly off. But there is great dissatisfaction about prices and taxes, and the landless labourer, the townsman, and the man with only a little land is hard hit.

This dissatisfaction—and in some cases hardship—obscures everything else to those who do not use abstract ideas very much; the literate, on the other hand, almost universally, certainly among all I met, feel that independence is so important that it outweighs everything else. But not all the peasants believe that freedom is no compensation for high prices. That is not universal, even in the one district I am discussing. A tremendous effort is being made, in about a quarter of the district, to wake up the peasants, to give them a new consciousness of all they need, to help them to see for themselves how they can grow more food, clean up their villages and improve their health—in short, begin helping themselves towards a life with much greater possibilities. In those villages many people are feeling that things are better than they have ever been before.

I remember with pleasure the good-natured laughter, in one of the villages with this new look, when we came round the corner and found one of the old kind of wells, the rim almost flush with the ground, so that dust and even dirty water could get in. 'An old-fashioned well', the village headman said apologetically, 'the kind we used to have in your day'. Everyone laughed—but it was friendly laughter—at him for dropping a brick, at me because of the truth in it.

I must tell you something about these new-look villages and the signs I saw in them of a new spirit; I must set that against the grumbling. There is a new spirit in some of these villages today; that I feel confident about. Will it prove lasting? Is it a really deep-rooted change? That is more difficult to answer; the new spirit has still much to fight against. It is that I want to discuss in my next talk.—*General Overseas Service*

## British Industry and the Common Market

By IAN T. MORROW

IT has been decided, with reservations, that Great Britain will join the European Free Trade Zone. The main reservation, and one which may prove a considerable stumbling block, is the exclusion of agriculture. British agriculture has quietly bowed itself out. It remains to be seen whether our farmers are allowed to stay outside the scheme or not, but certainly our manufacturers cannot afford to be left out. We know the enormous competitive power of American industry based on a large home market, and if we find that our already considerable competitors on the Continent are going to be further strengthened by having an enormous home market from which we are excluded, we shall then indeed be in a sorry plight.

This decision to join the European Free Trade Zone is bound to affect every one of us who works in industry. It particularly affects my own industry—the engineering industry—since we count on export markets to absorb a sizable part of our output. The

continuous and extensive expansion of exports since the war has made us all the more vulnerable in this respect.

In this new Free Trade Area there is a large potential market for our industry. It is indeed a greater market than the home market in the United States of America. It is a highly industrialised market and one in which we must take a great deal more interest. We can be sure that every one of the countries which are joining the Free Trade Zone is going to do its best to exploit the market. Competition between us is going to be fierce and management in this country will have to include the best brains available if we are going to equal the efforts of our competitors. They already have the advantage of lower labour costs. Although there are wide fluctuations, some countries having high costs and some low, continental labour costs are, on average, a fifth less than in this country. This can make up to 7 per cent. difference in the price.



An eminent continental industrialist has said that Europe as a whole has not yet accepted the implications of high wages, but you cannot have high wages without a free capital market, or, alternatively, a taxation system and a political climate which allows industry to retain a sufficiently large portion of its profits for it to increase considerably its investment per man. High real wages and a high standard of life are the result of heavy investment in fixed assets per man on the factory floor. This problem of making adequate provision for replacement of fixed assets is an acute one, and if we are to succeed in the Common Market we must not be handicapped by our fiscal practices being less favourable to industry than those of our new friends.

The same is true of credit terms for exports. In the engineering industry the problem of financing exports is always with us. Many projects take five years before they are paid for, and often goods which are equal in other respects are sold simply because they are offered on more attractive financial terms.

But while it is extremely important that outside bodies like the Government and the City should see that British industry is not unfairly handicapped *vis-à-vis* the Common Market countries, it is in the factory that the battle will be won or lost. In particular substantial changes in the quality and design of British products will be required as a result of the Free Trade Area. British products have been designed to work in extremes of heat and cold, and to run if maintained by unskilled labour in undeveloped countries hundreds of miles from service depots. Consequently they have a wide margin of safety and, in spite of many criticisms since the war, British manufacturers try for perfect products, with the result that not only are they often too expensive, they are usually too good for the job as well. Continental manufacturers design and make their plant to last for fifteen years and it lasts twenty-five. British manufacturers design theirs to last twenty-five and they last fifty. In either case, under today's mushrooming technical advance, most plant is obsolete long before its useful life is over.

### The Customers' Double Standard

Moreover, customers realising there is a wide margin of safety habitually overload the plant. The very robustness and ability of British products to stand up to abuse has bred a double standard on the part of customers. If British plant breaks down or is late, then there is an outcry, perhaps a public one, yet time and time again continental plant is late or breaks down and there is little or no indignation. It is doubtless flattering to Britain that our goods are expected, as a matter of course, to do better than their competitors, but in a world which seems to want British quality at continental prices British industry is being faced with an impossible task.

Apart from the British manufacturers' tendency to add a little more for the sake of safety and certainty, British manufacturers and continental manufacturers, over a wide range of capital goods, operate on different specifications. British requirements are usually more stringent and demand more work and more material. Continental specifications have less margin of safety and therefore require less material and in the end are often cheaper. For instance, continental machines are permitted to run at temperatures which would fry an egg lying on them. British standards insist on a much lower temperature. Both with modern materials work efficiently.

We could argue that there are a number of good reasons, both from the customer's point of view and our own, why we should continue to have two sets of standards, but it is not really a practical proposition to have two differing standards in the drawing office and on the factory floor. We have, therefore, to choose between clinging to British standards and adopting those of the Continent. Already the choice is being made in favour of continental standards: even in the Commonwealth economies is driving people more and more to accept cheaper continental standards, and the advent of the Free Trade Area will hasten the process. If we are to take full advantage of the huge market which the Free Trade Area will offer we shall have to mass-produce to one standard and that will have to be the one in force elsewhere in western Europe.

Changing over to new standards will take several years and will cause many problems. Standards are as much an attitude of mind as a detailed written specification. A common attitude of mind in

this country was expressed to me the other day by a designer confronted with a continental competitor's product. He cried: 'It will work, but I couldn't bring myself to design a thing like that'. And it is not only designers who will have to change their attitudes. Customers whose plant is now made to a British standard will also have to modify their tastes.

The nationalised industries in this country have bought their products almost exclusively from British industry and have given a considerable and welcome base load to the capital goods industry. Are they going to continue with British standards or, if they change to the continental standard, will they continue to buy exclusively from British manufacturers?

### Reconsidering Present Policy

The same problem will have to be faced by the large-scale buyers in the other countries joining the Free Trade Area—buyers such as the railways and the electricity supply authorities. For example, though Scandinavia is not heavily industrialised, Scandinavian utilities usually prefer to buy from another Scandinavian country rather than from the rest of Europe. If we are to have true Free Trade, presumably this policy will have to be reconsidered.

There are other problems besides manufacturing standards. A glance at the map will show that the increased trade with Europe—or that part of it represented by the Common Market—is going to throw a heavy burden on existing transport facilities. To compete with those manufacturers on the spot we must be able to deliver the goods speedily, cheaply, and on time. We are on the fringe and do not have the advantages of internal lines of communication. On the other hand the mere fact of being on the fringe means that we can use sea transport with corresponding economies if we can overcome the heavy cost of loading and unloading. Already in a small way barges are going from here all the way up the Rhine and railway trucks are loaded in this country and go straight to their destination. Facilities are adequate at the moment, but could easily become a bottleneck when expansion comes along. New transport facilities are not created in months, they take years. For instance, the projected Channel tunnel might be one of the long-term solutions to a problem which will always affect our heavy engineering industry whose products are, on the whole, bulky and difficult to handle.

Trade does not mean only the manufacture and design of the right product at the right price; it has to be sold. If we in this country are to take full advantage of the new market we must consider the products which may be required by the Free Trade Area—motor-cars, electrical plant, machine tools, steel, and other items of a like nature. To sell these products British salesmen will have to change their outlook towards Europe. Selling in the Common Market will no longer be part of the export selling organisation, nor can it be left to agents. It will have to become part of the home sales organisation and branch offices will have to be established in all the principal centres of Europe. The salesmen in these offices will not only have to know a great deal about the products they are trying to sell but they will also have to know a great deal about the country in which they are trying to sell and they will have to speak the language. A major public relations job will have to be done to smooth out the differences in national characteristics and enable us to understand our neighbours and new customers, and enable them to understand us.

### Competition for Staff

Obviously the men to do this job cannot all be found in British industry. Many will have to be hired from European countries and brought to this country for training. Competition for staff will increase, for continental companies will want their quota of British engineers for their selling staffs. Having found the men, they must be supported by the right sort of information. All literature will have to be in the language of the country to which we are selling; all the prices will have to be quoted in the currency of that country. Our currency is the only one not decimalised; our measurement is the only one not metric. Can we continue to stick to our own systems of currency and measurement in the face of this tremendous market? To change over would be costly and difficult, although there are some firms

(continued on page 200)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on disarmament

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## English Usage

ALL writing', said Emerson, 'comes by the Grace of God'. The generalisation does not get one very far, though some might claim to see in it an explanation of the modern 'illiteracy' we hear so much about. But whatever may be the secret of good writing one has always to reckon with the changes of fashion, changes of usage, changes of meaning that are bound to occur as time runs on in any living language. Traditionalists will never be wanting, last ditchers to whom all changes will be nothing but barbarous innovations: similarly every age will produce its rebels, those who regard adherence to grammar as pedantry and observance of some exactitude in, for example, the formation of new words as a form of fastidiousness that may have provided amusement for those who lived in leisurely times but is wholly unsuited to a democratic era.

Democratic? Listen then to Fowler whose life and teaching formed the subject of Sir Ernest Gowers' recently published Presidential address to the English Association\*. 'Fowler's scholarly fastidiousness', writes Sir Ernest, 'could not bear what he called "barbarisms" and "hybrid derivatives", and he returns to the point again and again. But he himself supplies the answer when he writes sadly:

In this era of democracy it can hardly be expected that the susceptibilities of so small a minority should be preferred to the comfort of millions, and it is easier for the former to dissemble their dislike of barbarisms than for the latter to first find out what they are and then avoid them'.

(Fowler devotes nearly three pages to a discussion of the split infinitive.) Yet, as Sir Ernest shows, Fowler's true place is not among the die-hards but among the rebels. He is down on pedantry. Nor is he to be classed among those grammarians 'whom he himself contemptuously describes as fogging the minds of their pupils with terms and notions that are material to the understanding of Greek and Latin syntax but have no bearing on English'. What he could not bear was slovenly work, and combined with his intellectual fastidiousness was a passion for orderliness.

Careful work and orderliness are characteristics of the craftsman, and that is what Fowler was, a man who cared passionately for the craft of writing. That everyone should agree with his judgements is not to be expected. But the essentials of Fowler's teaching will never be out of date. Craftsmanship, it is sometimes said, is not what it was (is anything ever what it was?). But despite all modern distractions people still read and, though the art of conversation may have declined, people still talk. Language in other words in both its written and its oral form is still a medium of communication. And if there be wisdom in keeping the tongue from evil and the lips from speaking guile, there is virtue too in guarding the usages of our native tongue. Among the many who have played a part in this noble occupation Fowler's name stands high. His book is or should be familiar to every writing man. He was born in 1858 and, if one may look forward a year, few centenaries will be more worth honouring throughout the English-speaking world than that of this shy and patient craftsman who gave so much of himself to the study and surveillance of his native language.

\* H. W. Fowler: *the Man and his Teaching*. Oxford, 5s.

DISARMAMENT and the related question of German reunification again came to the fore last week, when commentators discussed Mr. Dulles' visit to London and the western declaration on Germany. On August 3, the day after the Western Powers announced their inspection proposal by East and West to guard against surprise attack, Moscow radio, in a broadcast in French, accused the Western Powers of trying to impede agreement on disarmament, by ignoring all practical measures. Mr. Dulles had 'reduced to nothing' the four months' work of the disarmament sub-committee. A Chinese transmission claimed that Mr. Dulles was faced 'with the difficult task of hoodwinking both world public opinion and the Soviet Union, and bringing Britain into line'.

On August 2, Moscow radio broadcast an official Soviet statement on the recent declaration by the Western Powers offering to discuss German reunification and European security with the Soviet Union, given the fundamental principle that the German people must have the right to decide their own future. The Soviet statement described the declaration as a manoeuvre to win support for Dr. Adenauer in the elections, and said that the main purpose of the Western Powers' pledge not to accept any disarmament agreement which might prejudice German reunification was to disrupt the London disarmament talks and continue the cold war. Any attempt to unite East Germany with a militaristic West Germany was fraught with the danger of civil war. Earlier Moscow comments on the western declaration had stated categorically that free elections were impossible in West Germany while 'a regime of reaction and violence' existed there. An article by Otto Nuschke was quoted from *Neue Zeit*, in which he accused Dr. Adenauer of persisting in his scheme for a Nato Germany up to the Oder, although

no less a man than Churchill told him bluntly in Aachen that the way which Macmillan has now demagogically adopted would spell 'reunification in death and ashes'.

From West Germany, newspapers were quoted deploring the breakdown of the Moscow-Bonn talks on the issue of repatriation of German prisoners in Russia (described as 'long dead people' in a Moscow broadcast). On the western declaration on reunification, *Die Welt* was quoted as commenting:

The declaration is an impressive manifestation of the joint wish for German reunification. At the same time, it once again lays the entire weight of responsibility for Germany's division at the door of the Soviets.

From France, the independent left *Paris Normandie* was quoted as saying:

Only an all-German government resulting from free elections can decide Germany's fate, and as there can be no discrimination against a nation, one cannot in advance demand either neutralisation or demilitarisation.

On August 3 Moscow radio announced the names of the members of the Soviet delegation about to visit East Germany, to be headed by Mr. Khrushchev. Contrary to a previous announcement, Mr. Bulganin was not included. On the same day Moscow radio announced that Mr. Khrushchev (again minus Mr. Bulganin) had just met President Tito in Rumania. Both had agreed to develop relations, and expressed their agreement on the main problems affecting the world situation.

Last week Moscow broadcasts were dominated by the 'World Youth Festival' there. It was claimed that 28,000 foreign delegates from 120 countries had arrived, despite the 'slander and threats' used in some western countries to prevent youth from attending. In the report of the march-past on the opening day, following a reference to delegations from 'colonial countries', tribute was paid to those whose countries had already won the fight for independence, such as the delegations of 'heroic Vietnamese youth', the Indonesians 'recently freed from the colonial yoke', the 'youth of Free China', and the 'free youth of Egypt ... which has only recently tasted freedom from the shackles of colonial slavery'. Finally, there were the Hungarian youth, 'stepped in the fires of the struggle against the counter-revolution'.



## Did You Hear That?

### DRAWINGS OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS

THE MINISTER OF WORKS has commissioned nine drawings of ancient monuments by Mr. Alan Sorrell. They are on show at the Jewel Tower in Westminster. DOUGLAS BROWN, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The drawings', he said, 'are in two inks with a certain amount of brush and chalk work, but the pictures of the ancient monuments themselves will be reproductions in monochrome. There was one reproduction on show of Harlech Castle, and I thought that something was lost by the reproduction process. The artist, Mr. Alan Sorrell, did not agree. His drawing of Harlech Castle is an exciting and stimulating work, showing this great fortress that has played such a big part in the turbulent history of Wales as it looked when it was finished about 650 years ago. There are two other medieval castles—both guarding the northern entrance to the Menai Straits. There is Conway with its compact group of round towers and, over on Anglesey, the heavy strength of King Edward I's stronghold at Beaumaris.

'After these grim reminders of the turbulence of the Middle Ages it is pleasant to look at Mr. Sorrell's delicate reconstruction of Minster Lovell Hall in Oxfordshire, a manor house built in the first half of the fifteenth century. He shows the way the buildings were grouped round a quadrangle and set beside the River Windrush with the trees of Wychwood Forest in the background. But the drawing that will probably attract most attention is the reconstruction of Stonehenge—a dramatic work if ever there was one, with a low sun lightly veiled by a mass of clouds, casting long shadows from the great circle of stones. Then, too, there are impressions of what life was like when the legions of Rome manned the great wall that Hadrian built between the Solway and the Tyne, and a reconstruction of the squalid huts and earthworks of an Iron Age settlement on the island of Shetland'.

### A BOOM IN 'MOONSHINE'

'Serious drinkers in the United States', said DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, 'particularly those who travel, need to be as expert in their knowledge of licensing laws and elementary geography as their fellows in Britain, who know the opening and closing hours of the various London licensing districts, all major cities, and most rural areas.

'In Washington it is illegal to stand up and drink. Across the river in Virginia, only beer and wine may be consumed in public; it is illegal to carry a bottle of spirits from Washington into the State of Maryland which surrounds the city on three sides. The sale of spirits in Oklahoma and Mississippi is prohibited. In Texas you can drink spirits in a bar only if you take your own bottle in with you. There are, particularly



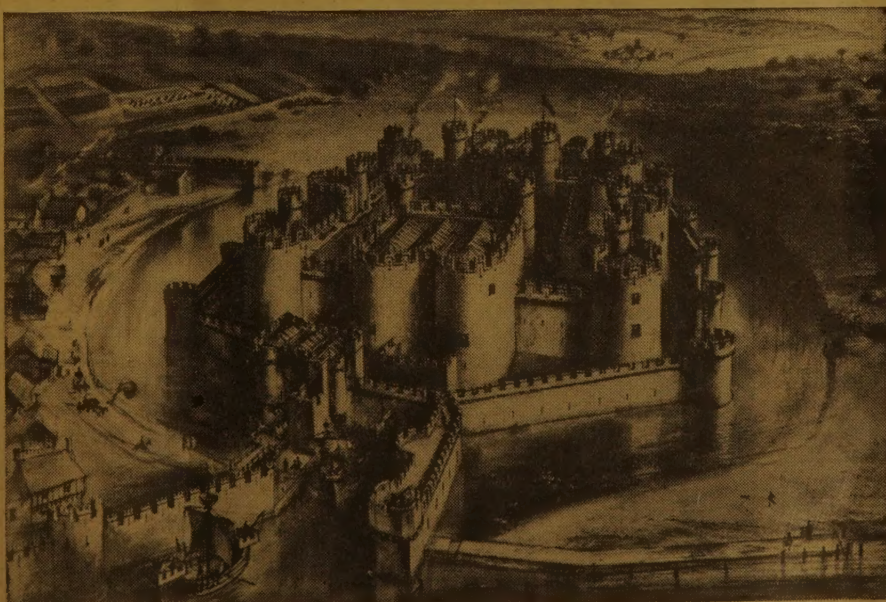
Two of the drawings of ancient monuments by Alan Sorrell which are on view at the Jewel Tower, Westminster: Stonehenge as it might have appeared just before 1000 B.C., and—

in the deep South, the traditional home of bourbon whisky, old fashioned, and mint juleps, a surprising number of counties where the sale of liquor is strictly illegal. Such a place is Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where a professor at the State University there, asked over a glass of bourbon why the county remained officially dry in a sea of whisky, replied: "We hold occasional referendums, but between the Church and the bootleggers we're licked".

'American drinkers are also plagued by the cost of spirits made, as in Britain, much more expensive by the Bureau of Internal Revenue and, in dry areas, by the profits of the bootleggers. Enter then the "moonshiner" to their rescue, hotly pursued by sheriffs, State Revenue Officers, and agents of the Federal Treasury. But the man who makes the spirits illegally and sells them without burden of tax is usually a jump ahead.

'The *Wall Street Journal* in a special survey estimates that moonshining is enjoying its biggest boom since prohibition, and causing the Federal and State Governments to lose perhaps a \$1,000,000,000 a year in evaded taxation. One out of every four gallons of hard liquor produced in the United States last year was moonshine—also known to its patrons as "Corn Squeezings", "White Lighting", "Pop's Skull", "Bumble bee's Stew", and "Mountain Dew".

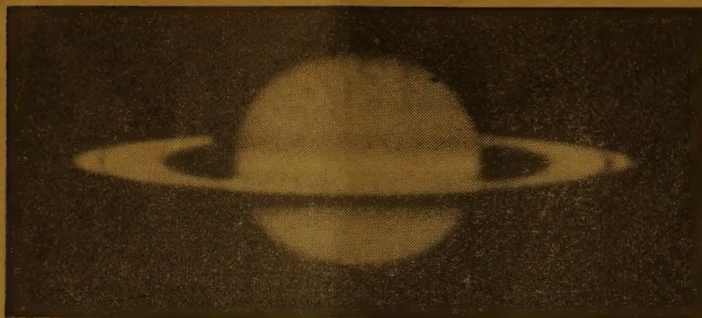
'The State of North Carolina and its legal distillers of bourbon whisky became so concerned at the amount of moonshine whisky that was being bought and drunk in the State that



—Beaumaris Castle; begun in 1295 and left unfinished, as it is believed it would have appeared if the architect's conception had been carried to completion

Crown Copyright





Saturn, 'an unusual planet, with its wonderful rings'  
Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatory, U.S.A.

they introduced their own brand of legal 100-proof moonshine, called it "White Lightning" and proudly labelled it "less than one month old". At first it sold at a monthly rate of 2,500 cases to those who had developed a taste for moonshine, but carrying a small tax it was still more expensive than the illegal variety and sales fell to 300 cases a month. An official gave another reason—moonshiners cannot tolerate buying liquor in shops.

'In a recent twelve months' period, agents of the United States Treasury's Alcohol Tax Division seized 14,500 illegal stills and most were found in fourteen Southern States, usually hidden away in isolated pinewoods. Most of the moonshiners now use bottled gas rather than wood fuel, which sends up tell-tale smoke. Revenue agents often detect a still from several miles away by the pungent smell of fermenting mash. The biggest profits from the sale of moonshine, says the *Wall Street Journal*, are made by retailers who receive from \$14 to \$18 a gallon for spirits that cost two dollars to make. Sometimes the retailers increase their profits by thinning the product with such liquids as prune juice, paint thinner, or embalming fluid.

'Most of the illegal stills are simple affairs calling for nothing more than a barrel for fermenting mash, an empty petrol tin and some copper tubing running to a disconnected car radiator. With this equipment and ingredients of fifty pounds of sugar, fifty pounds of grain, yeast and water, the moonshiner is in business. The finished product, made in about ten days or less, is said by experts to taste nothing like legal whisky, "but", said one, "you'd be surprised how many persons tell us they prefer moonshine because it burns all the way down".

'There are several reasons for the popularity of moonshine in the Southern States; they include a high ratio of poorer people, who appreciate its cheapness; the fact that more than 40 per cent. of the South's population lives in dry counties; and because the Southern pine forests offer ample secrecy and water supplies, while the warm, humid climate speeds up fermentation and allows work to proceed all the year round'.

#### THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY

'As it grows dark in August', said DR. J. G. PORTER in a Home Service talk, 'one sees again the old familiar autumn stars: in particular, over in the east, the Great Square of Pegasus. It stands on one corner, and from the left side runs the long line of stars which make the constellation of Andromeda. The second star along the line will guide your eye to the Andromeda Nebula, which lies just above it. Saturn and the Andromeda Nebula—surely the two most wonderful objects in the sky: an unusual planet, with its wonderful rings; and a great galaxy of stars, the most distant object that the eye

can see, so far away that the Sun, at that distance, would be quite invisible. The Andromeda Nebula is number 31 in Messier's Catalogue of Nebulae, and so it is generally called quite simply M31.

'Once you have found it you will have no difficulty in finding it again. It is rather remarkable that the old writers barely mentioned it. It was described by the Persian astronomer Al Sufi in the tenth century, and in 1612 Simon Marius, using the newly discovered telescope, said that its faint glow looked like a candle shining through horn. That is a very good description, for even in a powerful telescope M31 is just a vague, oval, luminous patch. Its true nature was first shown by Isaac Roberts, an amateur astronomer who lived at Crowborough, and who made himself a big reflecting telescope to take photographs of the sky. In 1888 an exposure of three hours gave a picture of M31 which showed it to be a spiral in shape. Actually it is very much larger than it appears in the telescope—its length can be traced for four or five degrees. Close by are two smaller nebulae, but these are not spirals, although they have a regular elliptical shape.

'The spectrum of M31 shows that it is made of stars, and modern giant telescopes have actually succeeded in resolving the nebulous light into individual star images. Today these nebulae of regular shape are recognised as galaxies of stars—so I suppose I ought to speak of the Andromeda Galaxy.

'It must be one of the most photographed objects in the sky, but if you have the chance of looking at one of these modern photographs you must try to picture the centre as being very much more brilliant than the edges. To get detail in the outer parts very long exposures have to be given, so that the inner parts are over-exposed. The print therefore must be modified to give detail in all parts. From either side of the bright centre spring a number of spiral arms—four can be counted on one side and five on the other—arms which wind tightly round, one or two of them making three complete turns. The spiral is revolving—it may take a few million years to go round, but that is a tremendous speed for such an enormous collection of stars.

'At the beginning of this century the nebulae were believed to lie at the boundary of the universe—perhaps a few hundred light-years away. What there was beyond the boundary was never very clear, but the boundary soon receded into the distance.

'It was about 1920 that it was first realised that M31 must be much further away than had been imagined. Examination of a number of photographic

plates showed many new stars or novae which had appeared in the nebula from time to time. If these novae were similar to those which appear in our own galaxy, then a simple measure of their apparent brightness would give a measure of their distance. When this was done, the distance of M31 came out at about 800,000 light years. We have had to double this distance in recent years to get agreement with all the known facts—and this is one of the nearest of the spiral galaxies. In 1923, Hubble, using the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, succeeded in photographing the stars in the spiral arms of the galaxy, but he could not resolve the central portions into stars. It was not until 1944 that Walter Baade, using the same telescope, but with greatly improved red-sensitive plates, was able to resolve the centre of M31 into stars. At the same time—and this is important—he found that the two smaller companion nebulae could also be resolved in the same way. This means that the centre of M31 is made of red stars, and nothing else. No dust, no gas—one can see right through between the stars, even to seeing distant nebulae beyond'.



Andromeda Nebula  
Lick Observatory, California



# Mental Disorder and Crime

By R. M. JACKSON

SINCE March 21 of this year, when the Homicide Act came into force, there is a special rule about mental disorder and murder: a man's mental state can now produce 'diminished responsibility' which reduces murder to manslaughter. Then, in May, there came the Report of the Royal Commission on the Mental Health Services\*. The Report has had a good reception, and it is fair enough to suppose that the future will be along the lines that it proposes. Let us suppose that that is so. Should we then have a reasonable and generally civilised system for dealing with mentally disordered people who break the law?

I wish the answer were simple. It is not. It is horribly complicated, and it must be so, because the problem is complicated. Yet in a sense it need not be. The trouble comes from a carrying over of old ideas. The old idea was that mental disorder was a definite, definable thing: a person was of unsound mind, or mentally deficient, or he was normal. If he was not normal then he should be put in an institution. To be put in an institution he had to be certified. So that to be certified meant, in the general view, to be a really bad case of unsoundness of mind or deficiency. Certification carried (and still does among many people) the implication of a pretty bad state. Many people have felt that they need not be embarrassed by admitting, say, that one of their relatives was not 'quite all there', but if the relative was 'certified' that was something quite different.

## A Question of Care

If our Royal Commission has scotched that idea we really shall have got a decent basis for behaving more sensibly. The present view—and I suppose I ought to say that I am a doctor of laws and not a doctor of medicine, but I have been listening to the medical experts for more than two years—is that 'certification' is not a degree of seriousness of a patient's state. The ordinary question is that of the conditions of life and the medical care and treatment that is needed. Patient A may do best by living at home and being visited by his general practitioner: patient B may be an out-patient at a hospital: patient C may be an in-patient, going in voluntarily on medical advice: patient D may not understand his own condition, and so refuse treatment, and so have to be 'certified', which only means that we (the relatives, the doctors, and the community) have to disregard the poor chap's objections and insist that he gets the care that he ought to get. But although this patient may object, and violently object, to going into a mental hospital, that does not mean that he is, medically speaking, a worse case than A or B or C. He may even be a better proposition medically, just as many people who go into general hospitals are not, basically speaking, as ill as many other people who can go on living in their own homes.

So that when we think of a man who is brought before a court on a criminal charge there is no sense in asking, abstractly, whether he is sane or insane, normal or abnormal, certifiable or not certifiable. We want to know what is his state in relation to a particular question. The question that comes first into people's minds is that of mental disorder as a defence. But there are really three quite separate questions: First, can we try the man at all? Secondly, is it a defence at a trial? Thirdly, how can it affect the sentence?

The first can be got out of the way quite quickly. There are a few cases where a man brought up for trial is suffering from such a serious degree of mental disorder that he cannot understand the proceedings and so he is not tried at all.

It is the distinction between a defence and a reason for mitigating a sentence that is tricky. There is in legal theory a sharp distinction between a defence, which negatives legal liability, and circumstances which may mitigate a penalty. Take, for example, a man charged with stealing something, and he satisfies the court

that he had a *bona fide* belief that he was entitled to take it: that is called a claim of right and it is a defence: he has not committed larceny, and he must be acquitted. But if his story is that he is a man of previously good character who was in poor physical health and subjected to a sudden temptation, that is no defence: he must be convicted, but it may be a good ground for the court giving him a nominal or light penalty.

This distinction between a defence in law and a ground for mitigation of penalty does hold good for mental disorder, but there are some confusing factors. To be a defence it must be shown that the defendant comes within the narrow rules of *M'Naghten's case*, that is to say that at the time of the offence he did not know what he was doing, or if he did know it, that he did not know it was wrong. This is possible only at Assize Courts or Quarter Sessions, for it depends on a jury returning a verdict commonly called guilty but insane. It is technically an acquittal, but it is quite unlike an ordinary successful defence, for it does not leave the defendant a free man. The court orders that he be detained, and he becomes a Broadmoor patient, probably for a few years and perhaps for life. In the general run of criminal cases there are relatively few sentences of over five years, and so a defendant who has some degree of mental disorder had better be careful about raising it as a defence, for if he succeeds he may be detained for a longer period as a Broadmoor patient than he would have been given as a prison sentence. It is better for such a defendant not to set up his mental disorder as a defence, but to put it forward in mitigation.

The trouble has been with murder, because the only possible sentence was death, and that cannot be varied or reduced in quantity. Hence in capital cases any mental disorder had to be raised as a defence: it was that or nothing. That has been altered by the Homicide Act 1957, for now there is the new rule of diminished responsibility: if a defendant can show that he had such mental disorder as substantially impaired his mental responsibility for his acts in doing or being a party to the killing, then he is to be convicted of manslaughter and not of murder. So that it looks as if the defence of insanity is on its way out: the old *M'Naghten's Rules*, whose narrowness has been so much criticised, are not to be widened. Insanity, as a defence, is going into the lumber room of the law, to be of no interest to anyone (except to law students and their examiners, who are expected to be well versed in legal conceptions that no longer matter). The future, even in murder, is with the process of dealing with offenders.

## Disposing of Convicted Defendants

The Royal Commission on Mental Health did not investigate the legal rules about fitness to plead or the *M'Naghten* rules on mental disorder as a defence, because those topics were outside the Commission's terms of reference. But we did have to go into the law and practice of disposing of convicted defendants. Here again I think that the general approach of the Royal Commission will turn out to be of more importance than its detailed recommendations. The essence of that approach is that mental disorder is primarily a medical matter, and that as far as possible care and treatment should be provided in the same way as it is for other illnesses. Patients may receive medical treatment from general practitioners or as hospital out-patients, and other care from community health and welfare services.

Again, as far as possible, admission to hospital as an in-patient should take place as simply as it does in other illnesses. There must be a complete break with the old idea that mentally disordered people ought to be locked up in special institutions. There must be compulsory powers because some patients cannot appreciate that they need treatment, and a few are dangerous to themselves or to others. Hence, in the Royal Commission's view,

\* Report of the Royal Commission on the Law Relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency. H.M. Stationery Office. 10s. 6d.



the continuance of compulsory admission to hospital should be kept to the minimum, and there should be a further safeguard of independent Mental Health Review Tribunals so that there shall be no reasonable doubt about the necessity for detaining a person. More use might be made of a less burdensome form of compulsion, namely placing a person under the guardianship of the local health authority when care and treatment can be given without admission to a hospital.

The moment we start talking about compulsory powers we have to say who is to come within their ambit. The traditional grouping has been into those who are 'mentally ill' and those who are 'mentally defective'; that is, between those who have been normal but have become disordered and those whose minds have never fully developed. There is a wide range of degree in each group, and no hard and fast dividing line. At present persons who are certified have to be put under one or the other of these two categories. In addition there are psychopathic people who have severely aggressive characteristics or who show pathological inadequacy in coping with the ordinary problems of life. Their trouble is the way they behave. If their behaviour is associated with a recognised mental illness, then they are liable to be certified as mentally ill, and equally if they are of sub-normal intellect there is liability to be dealt with as being mentally defective. But if there is no recognised mental illness and the intellect is not sub-normal, then there is simply aggressive or inadequate behaviour and no compulsory powers are available.

### Uncontrolled Psychopaths

It is tempting to say that there ought to be powers to deal with such people. A person who has fits of violent temper, is wildly jealous and resentful, all to such an intolerable degree that any family life is wrecked, is far more anti-social and causes more human suffering than a dozen petty thieves. The persistent thief can progress from prison to corrective training and end up with preventive detention of up to fourteen years: whilst the psychopath can continue unchecked and uncontrolled. We probably do need a reassessment of the criminal law: its scale of social values seems at times oddly at variance with the ideas and needs of the present-day community. But that is not a reason for rushing in and extending legal powers of control to psychopaths, because that would mean compulsory powers over people because their behaviour is tiresome: it would create a kind of new semi-criminal jurisdiction. Further, these aggressive or inadequate behaviours are difficult to define, and the nearer one gets to criminal law the more important is it to be able to say just what is and what is not included.

The Royal Commission wants to do away with certification because of its implication of status and other undesirable associations, but compulsory powers, with new procedures and safeguards, must be permitted for mentally ill and severely sub-normal patients when compulsion is needed for their own welfare or for the protection of others. The Commission does not however recommend similar powers in respect of adult psychopathic patients. The only general power proposed is that of requiring a short stay in hospital for medical observation. There should be compulsory powers for psychopaths under the age of twenty-one, but the powers should lapse when the patient reaches the age of twenty-five if he has not already been discharged. For those over twenty-one, compulsory admission to hospital or guardianship would become possible when their conduct constitutes an offence against the criminal law.

That brings us back to the courts. How should a court deal with a defendant who is suffering from some form of mental disorder? Since mental disorder is of different kinds and of widely differing degrees, there cannot be a rule that any mental disorder *ipso facto* calls for a medical rather than a penal treatment. There must be many cases where ordinary penal measures are the best course. It is only when the court is satisfied that normal methods of disposal alone are insufficient or inappropriate that the court should turn to the provision of medical or social care.

At present magistrates courts can, on medical evidence, certify a person as being mentally ill or defective, and so send that person directly into an institution. If a person is not certifiable under the present law, all courts can make a probation order

requiring the person to accept treatment. The idea of a court being able to send a person into an institution is not in accordance with the whole of the modern concept of hospitals and treatment: admission should be essentially a medical decision. Further, a person who is sent in by order of a court is apt to think that he is there because he committed the offence. A trifling theft may lead, apparently, to an enforced and perhaps prolonged stay in an institution whereas under an ordinary sentence there would have been a fine or a light sentence. The answer is that the patient is in the institution not because he committed the offence but because the criminal proceedings uncovered a mental disorder, but an astonishing number of people cannot see that.

### A Matter for Health Authorities

It is vital to the proper working of the mental health services that people shall get rid of their fears. One can put up with having to go into hospital, but to get carried off by a judicial order is far too much like going to prison with a committal warrant that requires the gaoler to receive and lock up the body. To get rid of this gaoler business for ordinary cases and keep it for cases uncovered by court proceedings would tend to perpetuate the very ideas that we want to abandon. The Royal Commission's solution is that courts should not themselves make any order about the reception of people into hospital or guardianship, but leave the health authorities to take the appropriate steps under ordinary procedures.

Suppose that a court finds that a defendant has committed an offence, but that he is suffering from some mental disorder, and on the medical evidence the court is satisfied that he ought to go into a mental hospital. The court would say that, and the health authorities would then take over; if the patient goes in voluntarily, well and good: if he refuses, then the ordinary procedure for compulsory powers would be used. It is an essential part of this scheme that the evidence to the court must establish not merely the need for special medical or social care but also that a particular hospital or local authority is able and willing to provide it. At present it sometimes happens that a court hears medical evidence and acts on it, and then it is found that the doctors in charge of institutions or departments say that it is not a case that they can assist. Under the Commission's proposals the court would know that if special medical or social care were recommended, then that care could and would be provided.

Once it is accepted that an offender should be treated in this way, the health service would take over: he becomes a patient, having treatment and care like any other patient. If the power of compulsory admission to hospital has to be used, the period of stay would be until release was justifiable on medical grounds, with a right of appeal to the independent Mental Health Review Tribunal.

### The Dangerous Criminal

While it must normally follow that if medical treatment is to be given, then medical opinion should guide both the form of treatment and its duration, there are a few exceptional cases. At present a court sometimes feels that it cannot act on medical evidence which would lead to a dangerous offender going into a mental hospital, because when the offender becomes a hospital patient he can be discharged by the medical superintendent or hospital management committee as soon as they think he is well enough, and that may not pay enough regard to the potential threat to the public. So the Royal Commission recommends that Assize Courts and Quarter Sessions should be able to direct that such a person should not be discharged without the sanction of the Home Secretary. A magistrates court could send a case to Quarter Sessions if such a direction appeared to be desirable. But that is meant only for people who really are dangerous.

It is most important that the parts of the mental health service that involve compulsory powers should not be thought of as being at all akin to the penal system. The choice between penal or medical methods, or some combination of them, must be made by considering each case for what it is, that is an individual problem concerning the offender or patient (whichever way we are looking at him) and the community.—*Third Programme*



# Berlin: City of Tomorrow

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

**B**ERLINERS are courageous people; they may be perky, they may be cockney—yes, cockney—they are convinced of themselves, but they are courageous. If they were not, how could West Berlin thrive as it does, surrounded by the menace of being crushed any day it pleases Russia to gamble? How could shops be what they are, and how could new building be what it is?

The Interbau Exhibition is only one proof of many, but what a proof! To rebuild a bombed-out quarter close to the old centre, a quarter that used to house 6,000, and rebuild it to one plan and at one go—it puts to shame all our fuss over Barbican and what have you. In addition, Berlin has made the building progress the occasion of an exhibition, a good idea and in many ways a success. The exhibition proper is placed in the Tiergarten which after the devastation in the first cold post-war winters is coming on nicely. There you have the usual pavilions, of town-planning, of certain German building agencies, and also of individual nations. Great Britain is doing well, an orderly presentation of the best we have to show, and the satisfaction that it can hold its own with the good of the other countries.

But the sensation is the Hansa Quarter. It used to be a stodgy, respectable quarter of the eighteen-

eighties, with somewhat sombre houses, tree-lined streets radiating from a *rond-point*, the Hansaplatz, and plenty of trees in the back gardens. Few of the trees remain, but many not-too-young ones have been planted. The plan of the new quarter, by Professor Kreuer, is of the (by now accepted) picturesque type which origi-



Model in the Interbau Exhibition of the plan for rebuilding the Hansa Quarter of Berlin



The 'cliff-like ruin' of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Gedächtnis-Kirche surrounded by modern office buildings

nated in Sweden, with plenty of green, and, placed loosely in it, widely spaced point-blocks, high slabs, and lower houses. In Berlin the point blocks are sixteen-storeyed, six of them, five in a row along the north boundary and one isolated to mark the entrance from the south-west. The slabs are eight to ten-storeyed and staggered in a variety of directions which, however, make sense together. Then there are five short terraces of four storeys along the west boundary and on the south side in the centre, as well as to the north-east, one- and two-storeyed groups of single houses, clustered or terraced. The whole is—to judge from the model—visually well done, the landscaping and floor-scaping is charming, and the buildings give ample food for study and for thought.

Before I discuss that, it may be of interest to mention the economics of such a venture. The city held a competition, chose a plan and, of course, modified it. Then a public utility company was founded to acquire the ground with all the necessary negotiations with the old owners and, where necessary, with expropriation and arbitrated compensation. The company also administered the public money used for the building of the new houses. But they were built only if a commercial company could be found to buy the house. So when the houses are ready and let, the problem is how to make the letting a business proposition in spite of controlled rents. The rents are in fact very low, partly because the ground was cheap. It was cheap, in spite of being so near the old centre of Berlin, because that centre is now in East German hands. Anyway, rents for a four-room flat vary from £2 10s. to £3 5s.; for three rooms from £2 2s. to £3; for two rooms from £1 15s. to £2; and for one-room from less than £1 to £1 5s. This does not include heating and hot water, and rooms are often small. In addition there are, of forty-eight objects (as they are called), only sixteen or eighteen built to these specifications. Eighteen more are simply private houses, built at a not specified cost and sold in the free market, and there are also at least two, if not more, of the point blocks in which the restrictions do not apply and in which you can buy a flat.



The result must in the end be an odd social mixture which will no doubt cause some confusion in the shops. There will be, as far as I can see, hardly more than twenty shops, too few I should think. There are also two churches, an underground station, a cinema, a day nursery, a school, and a restaurant.

So much for the social and economic aspects of the Hansa Quarter. Now the quarter itself. As it is a permanent part of the future Berlin, and at the same time an exhibition, one must be prepared for certain ambiguities. For instance, it seems questionable to me whether, if it had not been for the exhibition, one would have sited in this particular part of Berlin, and so close to towering slabs, a number of one-storeyed, high-class private houses which cost £5,000 to £9,000 if they sell. The one group of these super-bungalows which is ready—the one by Professor Ludwig—is charming. It is a kind of kraal; for each house has one or two small gardens and all the garden walls are exactly as high as the houses. It certainly leads to a curious sensation of seclusion.

### Fifty-three Architects

As to the other buildings, I can mention only a few. There are represented in this exhibition fifty-three architects from fourteen countries, nineteen foreign, sixteen West German, eighteen from Berlin. They include Gropius, Alvar Aalto, and Le Corbusier (who incidentally builds another *Unité* miles away from anybody else), they include Kay Fisker and Arne Jacobsen from Denmark, Niemeyer from Brazil, Pierre Vago and Lopez & Beaudouin from France, van den Broek & Bakema from Holland, Mr. Yorke alone from England, and so on. And from Germany, as far as I can see, all the best names seem to be there, Eiermann and Weber, Sepp Ruf, Schwippert, Hassenpflug, and also some of the older ones such as Max Taut, Luckhardt, and Scharoun. Scharoun, by the way, still as experimental and inventive as ever, is now President of the Academy, which makes our recent Richardsonian past a little funny.

The most impressive part of the quarter in its present state is the high slabs in the centre. They are by Gropius, Vago, Aalto, Niemeyer, and by two Swedes, Jaenecke and Samuelson (I say two Swedes, though Jaenecke is German-born and trained), and theirs is a job, straightforward, unaffected and yet elegant. It shows the healthy survival of the standards of the nineteen-thirties. Vago, on the other hand, in spite of an interesting plan with an alternation of one-storeyed flats and flats staggered over one-and-a-half storeys and the expression of that variation on the façade, has fallen victim to the fashionable sin of geometrical games, the pattern-making for pattern-making's sake. In his case it is an irregular cubistic pattern of glass panels in white, light blue, lemon yellow, and grey, chic but unreasonable and probably cloying after a time. Even the design by Gropius and his Cambridge (Massachusetts) partners is this time a little busy with chequer-board patterning. The arrangement of the balconies seems at least to me more dictated by the wish for such a surface pattern than by planning considerations.

### Blocks by Aalto and Niemeyer

The one who keeps far away from all such modish desires is Aalto. His block is surprisingly classical, very staid and at first sight even a little lumpy. But the detail is fine, and the plan masterly—really two point-blocks joined up. Niemeyer's slab, alas, is not ready; it looks raw and impressive so far, with its big V-shaped pilotis and its yet-untreated walls. Compared with his work in his native Brazil, it is straightforward and free from flights of fancy, though its special feature is a detached triangular lift-tower, placed asymmetrically. The block has seven storeys, and the lift will take you to the fifth floor and no other; for here are communal lounges, etc., and you can then reach your flat by walking up or down stairs. The block is of concrete box-frame construction which altogether is structurally the favourite technique. There is no steel skeleton building in the exhibition, a method unusual in Germany anyway, and there is also little reinforced concrete skeleton building. Instead, buildings consist of slabs poured on the site or of prefabricated poured slabs.

The method is at present most clearly recognisable to the layman in the point-block by Schwippert. It is a great shame that of this row of five point-blocks along the north boundary

only two are up so far. Altogether, there is a criticism here of the exhibition which cannot be withheld, in spite of all one's respect for what has been achieved. A certain amount of what I have told you so far I have told you from the model and the catalogue. The organisers had intended the exhibition to be both of a new quarter and of modern building techniques. It is difficult to combine the two. The idea was to show one-third finished, one-third up but not finished, and one-third at various stages of building. As it is, one church is operating, the other church is externally ready, three of the six point-blocks are not even started, one of the six slabs is not started, and of the nine groups of one-storeyed villas, a substantial motif in the general plan, only one is up, and two are started. Of the whole north-east area of twelve houses only one is going up at all up to date, and so on. So no Eiermann, no Kay Fisker, no Arne Jacobsen, no F. R. S. Yorke can be seen at all.

That is disappointing. It may be different in a few months, but I can only speak of some two weeks ago. And it is doubly disappointing, because what one wants to judge ultimately is the quarter as a quarter, that is, its town-planning validity. The plan is excellent, I think, on paper. It preserves a cross of two of the original streets, one of them wide and leading on from the big old roundabout in the Tiergarten, the Grosser Stern, to a main roundabout outside the area. At the crossing is the underground station, and near it are a low block of shops, cinema, and restaurant on the one side, a branch library on the other. The slabs seem to stand quite freely, but will, I think, fall into place with ease. Whether the groups of bungalows are a good idea in such a quarter I have already doubted.

### Wide Variety of Individual Styles

But my principal doubt is of another kind, and really goes to the root of the idea of combining exhibition and permanent building. What makes the exhibition is the wide variety of architects, their individual styles and techniques. Admittedly they all work within the framework of the mid-twentieth-century style—that is, one need not expect clashes of the kind you get in Victorian quarters. But within a planned quarter there ought to be more unity than would be desirable in an exhibition. If you have groups of point-blocks at Vällingby, that admirable new satellite of Stockholm, each group is to the same design as a matter of course. And the same is true of Roehampton near London or Tile Hill near Coventry. But the five point-blocks at the Hansa Quarter by Baldessari, van den Broek & Bakema, Hassenpflug, Lopez & Beaudouin, and Schwippert are all of the same height and bulk—but otherwise completely different in character and details. I fear in ten years one may feel: why such individualism here? And the same thought will haunt one over the five terraces of four-storeyed houses. Roehampton, when it is finished next year, will house nearly 10,000; the Hansa Quarter with about 1,200 dwellings presumably about 2,500 to 3,000. Surely in such a quarter you want to convey a sense of unity—not of uniformity, but of unity. Professor Leslie Martin's Roehampton, designed by him when he was architect to the L.C.C. and by his team of enthusiastic young men, conveys that sensation more than an exhibition possibly can in which fifty architects, even if controlled by an overall plan, want to demonstrate their own ideas.

But you cannot have it both ways, clearly. This is primarily an exhibition, an exhibition to prove to Germans, also Germans from the Russian Zone, and to foreigners, the energy, the zest, and the faith in the twentieth century of Berlin. As such it is a complete success, and the quarter in the end, in spite of its lack of final coherence, will have that spirit of enterprise and courage, too.

Berliners seem to take modern building in their stride much more than Londoners. Over the trees of the Tiergarten, as one looks south from the exhibition, there stands a group of high and lower completely up-to-date office buildings which have been erected recently in immediate proximity to the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtnis-Kirche at the very beginning of the Tauentzien-Strasse-Kurfürstendamm-axis. Of the church a cliff-like ruin remains, and Berliners are now debating with passion whether they should knock this down and build a new church on the site, or keep it and add a new church on the site, or keep it and build



the new church somewhere else. I have myself not the slightest doubt that the right answer is the last. The ruin looks moving and grim, the ideal memorial to the bombing in the war, and the ideal foil for the sleekness and the cubic sheerness of the modern buildings around. The style of the twentieth century, whether we like it or not, lacks fullness and richness. The exhibition, to achieve these qualities, has done what Roehampton is doing,

namely to take advantage of trees, bushes, and the grouping of blocks. I have for nearly fifteen years recommended that England should keep, in rebuilt towns, some ruins as war memorials. Here is one ready for Germany. May the Berliners once again show their initiative by preserving it. It would in its own way be a demonstration as effective as the rebuilding of the Hansa Quarter.—*Third Programme*

## A Genial Wizard

An appreciation of Sir Patrick Abercrombie by CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

**M**OST of us who knew Sir Patrick Abercrombie really well are sure that within his own field—his astonishingly wide field—he was a truly great man. And as time passes and more and more of his long-term planning becomes reality (he was often thinking fifty years ahead) I believe many more will come to the same view.

When he died last March at seventy-seven, he had been thinking, dreaming, and living, planning for a full half-century with a zeal and devotion that carried him on from collaboration with his pioneering predecessors, Professors Reilly and Adshead at Liverpool, to become the world's foremost prophet and practitioner of town and country planning. Maybe that leaves you cold and disposed to retort: 'So what? Just look at the mess we are in, in both town and country; and what price "subtopia"—the sprawl of our cities, the congestion within them, the eating up of green belts and countryside, the traffic jams, the muddle, waste, ugliness and folly of so much of our development—what's been the use of all this new-fangled planning stuff—all the controls and bureaucratic interference and so on? . . . so much for your precious planning!'

That sort of impatience and exasperation is entirely right and proper—you are on Abercrombie's side, and he on yours. Though he mostly dealt with towns and cities here and abroad, he was as good a countryman as he was a citizen, and knew, none better, that town and country were two sides of the same medal and that by no possible wizardry could you have either civilised, whilst allowing the other to be, or to become, barbarous. That wider 'bifocal' view of planning was indeed something new and characteristic of all his work.

A generation ago he wrote:

This rural England of ours is at this moment menaced with a more sudden and thorough change than ever before: it is not safe to leave these changes to adjust themselves, hoping that somehow a general harmony will result from individualistic satisfactions: it should be possible for a just balance to be struck between conservation and development: certain parts must be preserved intact and inviolate but others can, after suffering a change, bring forth something new but beautiful, provided a conscious effort is made.

It was that pronouncement that really launched the Council for the Preservation of Rural England of which he was the chairman and founding father, and had we all listened to him then, things would be in far better shape now. Will we ever realise that to go as you please is not the way to arrive at what is pleasant?

Foretelling the shape of things to come from his study of the

past and analysis of the present, he further knew the charms, the technical incantations and passes, so to say, whereby we could, if we would, assure ourselves of a far healthier, more convenient, more economical, more beautiful, and altogether better setting for our living than we had ever enjoyed before. If only . . . if only what? If only enough of us cared enough to do and get done the many things necessary—logical, commonsensical, humane, and

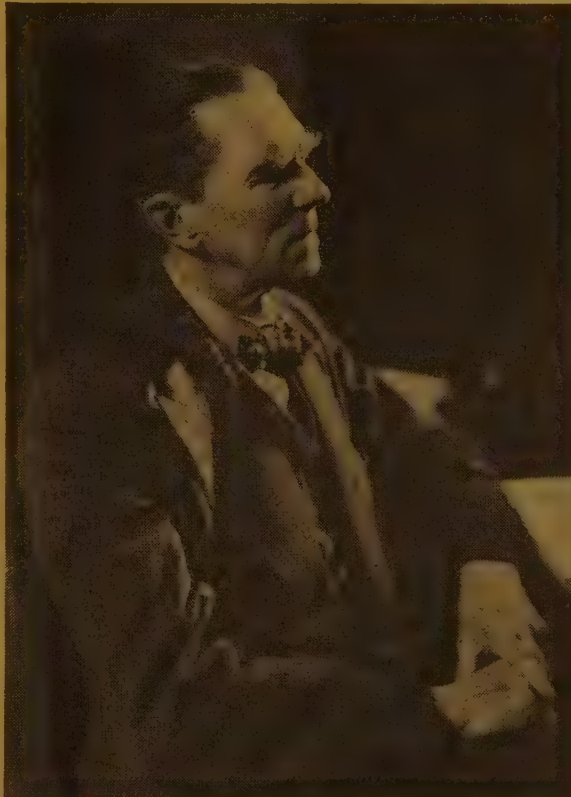
civilised things—that he advocated so persuasively and persistently with all the charm, wit, and eagerness of his vivid personality. Such as what? There is no general answer, because he brought a fresh unbiased mind to every single one of his successive planning problems, each different from the other, and demanding a different approach and treatment, and he would not dream of suggesting what that treatment should be until he had made himself intimately familiar with every aspect of the case—geographical, historical, physical, economic, climatic, human, and the rest.

His approach was that of the born and experienced physician with an instinct as to what treatment would best suit a particular patient, and with a deep distrust of all slick ready-made patent remedies or gimmicks. Deriving from Patrick Geddes' *Folk, Work, Plan*, and civic-survey concepts, Abercrombie developed the procedure and technique for planning into the effective form now generally accepted. No mere theoretical 'paper-planner', with pet ideas and pat formulas to thrust down people's throats, or with any superior high-handed 'take-it-or-leave-it' attitude, he was a patient striver for a true appreciation of a problem and then for its most logical,

beneficial, and just solution in the light of all the special circumstances.

The procedure he established is roughly this: A town is perhaps overgrown and blighted, a city bomb-torn and congested, a countryside spoiled, and you are called in to prescribe, as a doctor is for a sick person. After a thorough diagnosis cataloguing the symptoms, putting your finger on all the weak places and trouble spots of your patient, you decide what should be done to effect a cure, ensure future health and well-being, and harmonious, balanced growth. All that and more in a compendious statistical 'report' with a portfolio of maps and diagrams. And then what? Ah! That's it!

Sometimes something is done; sometimes little or nothing; and never, never yet, everything. Sometimes planners do get carried away and make proposals that are too unrealistic or costly to have a hope of execution and can only remain beautiful dreams—which is no help to the cause of planning, the whole idea of which, after all, is simply to insure the best use of the land in the common



Sir Patrick Abercrombie: 1880-1957



interest, and orderly, economical, convenient and seemly development. Almost any honest attempt at a plan is better than none, yet an individual citizen may only be conscious of planning when he finds himself prevented from doing something he dearly wanted to do, not realising that everyone else is subject to the same discipline—failing which, ultimate utter chaos. If that hard truth is gaining acceptance—as I think it is—it is largely thanks to Abercrombie.

### Planning by Persuasion

But even he, with more planning patients on his panel than any other practitioner, had his share of disappointments, though I never knew them get him down. Having put all he had into his reports and plans, if they were not acted on—well, there was nothing more he could do about it. But he would battle for ideas that he thought important, with pertinacity, yet with such friendly understanding of other points of view that he would generally win opponents over, or, if he failed, leave them at least well disposed and never hostile. He was a great believer in 'planning by persuasion'. I well remember his guilefully gaining the support of some wavering university dons at an Oxford conference with: 'You quadrangular gentlemen, naturally accustomed to square dealing', and so on: his really weighty arguments deftly made acceptable—as so often—by his light, his gay approach.

That went, too, for my own first meeting with him when, over thirty years ago, we confronted one another in the Cambridge Union, I proposing the dismal motion: 'Rural England is gone beyond redemption', he opposing, and winning on a narrow vote. Whereupon he characteristically and generously admitted that perhaps it was not quite a fair win as he had counted on another ice age—to clear up and bury the mess! Following that he wrote an epilogue to a book of mine, I contributed a section to one of his, and, though he was for ever darting hither and thither about the world, wherever and whenever I could catch up with him for a talk and, as it were, to re-charge my batteries, I did, for sheer stimulation and pleasure in his company.

He was such fun to talk to, partly because he was just as eager to receive ideas as to give them—to stimulate you, if he could, into contributing something to the common stock of progressive thinking, or even of nonsense! Time and time again he would thus stir the less agile minds of myself and others into sudden activity, and then applaud and quote our sayings as pearls of our own wit and wisdom and nothing at all to do with him who had, in fact, planted the seed in us oysters.

His pupil and friend Sir William Holford has called him 'the great catalytic agent of planning': he precipitated ideas and stimulated activity all around him. Imagine all this sizzling activity in a slight, elegant, rather bird-like man, talking very fast in a light, loud voice, with frequent crows of laughter at his own japes, or yours. And, indeed, he had need of all his natural buoyancy and good humour, his generosity and patience, for the occupational disease of all planners is of course frustration.

### Trainer of a Whole Generation

He was a master planner, not only as himself foremost in his craft, but because as Professor of Civic Design at Liverpool, and then of Town Planning in London, he trained a whole generation in whose hands the future shape of our physical world now lies, increasingly. Apart from his wide general influence on current thinking (large-scale regional planning, for instance) he gave detailed planning guidance to such vastly various places as Merseyside, Dublin, Sheffield, east Kent, Doncaster, Bristol, Bath, Cumberland, the Thames Valley, Stratford-on-Avon, Plymouth, Edinburgh, Hull, Warwick, Bournemouth, the Clyde, the west Midlands, the Snowdonia National Park, and Caernarvonshire, with his great County of London plan crowning all.

Here, with the L.C.C.'s own chief architect (he never failed to enlist eager helpers and to acknowledge their help) he strove to create a coherent road system for fast traffic so as to isolate a number of 'precincts' from its danger and disturbance—the Bloomsbury university area, St. Paul's, the Temple, Whitehall, and so on—whilst he also sought to recover and emphasise the lost boundaries and individualities of London's

component boroughs and even villages, and with them their local civic consciousness and pride, where possible, visibly dividing them by green fingers of grass and trees, in place of bombed or blighted huddles. As the then Chairman of the L.C.C. said when introducing the plan:

Our London has much that is lovely and gracious. I do not know that any city can rival its parks and gardens, its squares and terraces. But year by year as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries grew more and more absorbed in first gaining and then holding, material prosperity, these graces were overlaid, and a tide of mean, ugly, unplanned building rose in every London borough and flooded outward over the fields of Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, Kent. It need not have been so. Had our seventeenth-century forefathers had the faith to follow Wren, not just the history of London, perhaps the history of the world might have been different. For the effect of their surroundings on a people is incalculable. It is part of their education.

That, emphatically, was Sir Patrick's belief.

Lewis Mumford said of his London Report: 'It has the great merit of taking an extremely complex collection of data, reducing it to manageable proportions, and using it as a basis for clear-cut and reasonable proposals that can be followed step by step'. That really describes all planning as it should be, and almost everything that Abercrombie ever said or did.

### The New Towns

The self-sufficing New Towns around London, that he proposed, were of course part of his prescription for its relief and are already rousing the keen interest of other countries that are faced with congestion problems much like ours. It is indeed in 'other countries' that our great prophet of planning has had perhaps more honour than in his own—partly through his tireless labours as chairman of the International Union of Architects. Through his own diplomacy and devotion to the world-cause of planning, he contrived to show that dedicated technicians could agree and get together where politicians, apparently, could not. Apart from that, he was called in professionally in places all round the globe—Palestine, Ethiopia, Cyprus, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Malta, and so on, his speaking tours covering an even wider field.

Scottish by descent, English by upbringing, I always myself counted my dear friend as Welsh by sympathy. But then I know the Irish, too, felt he was one of them, and indeed he was welcomed with affectionate warmth everywhere. And no wonder, for he loved his fellows as he loved all beauty—exotic landscapes and cities, music, poetry, the Snowdonian mountains, precious stones, his serene Anglesey home—all. Happy man!—*Home Service*

## The Common Market

(continued from page 191)

in this country who, having purchased continental licences and drawings, are operating happily on metric measurements throughout their works. But adopting the metric system throughout industry could mean that nearly every drawing in this country will have to be done again. It means changing a whole outlook on design and learning over again the standards which are acceptable.

Clearly this will take many years. In practice, existing products in the main will be left as they are but as new products are developed they will be to the new standards and to metric measurements. For a time there will be two standards side by side in the works and in the customers' hands, with all the attendant difficulties. The period of confusion will be shortened if customers are prepared to accept the new standards at once and not insist on the old.

These changes will be tiresome and sometimes painful but I am confident that if they are made this country has the technical skill and ability to take full advantage of the Free Market. The alternative to adopting common standards is the less spectacular but ultimately much more painful erosion of what ought to be a rapidly expanding market.—*Third Programme*



# Cancer: a Problem of Cell Organisation

By E. J. AMBROSE

**C**ANCER, which has been called a disease of life itself, requires investigation from almost all aspects of biology, chemistry, and physics. So I should like to emphasise that my approach, as a biophysicist, is but one of many ways—a small part of a tremendous co-ordinated effort which is being made in many different and varied laboratories throughout the world.

Cancer is one of the umbrella words. It covers a number of disease conditions, some less dangerous than others. But they all have this in common, that they are associated with the growth of tissue by the successive division of cells in which each cell divides to form two daughter cells, and so on. Growth occurs in this way almost throughout the plant and animal kingdoms. In the higher organisms it appears to cease in adult life. But this is only true for certain tissues; in many parts of the body, *e.g.*, in the roots of the hair, repair and replenishment take place continuously by cell growth and cell division, and almost all tissues do in fact retain the power to proliferate, as can be seen during the normal healing of wounds. The behaviour of cancer cells must be looked at against this background of the general phenomenon of tissue growth. This is the problem: is there any aspect of their behaviour which can be regarded as characteristic of their growth? There is one—their lack of organisation. This is most important, and it is the aspect I should like to consider.

## Tissue Culture

Let me define what I mean by organisation in this instance. Suppose I have a bunch of marbles in my hand and I allow them to fall on the carpet. Owing to the variety of angles with which they strike the floor, some marbles will be almost touching each other while others will be far apart. We cannot predict, from our present knowledge, where we should expect to find a given marble before they have been allowed to fall; we say they lie in a random or disorganised arrangement. But if I drop the marbles into a small box, they pack themselves in layers in an extremely regular fashion. This packing is controlled by the forces which operate at the points of contact between the marbles; because they have a constant diameter, an orderly arrangement is imposed on them. With living cells the forces operating at their points of contact also appear to be of importance in controlling the arrangements of cells forming tissues. This is perhaps a surprising result, but it can be demonstrated with the help of a technique called tissue culture, where cells are kept alive in special small chambers containing a suitable supply of oxygen and food material.

The roof of the chamber is a thin glass plate: normally a few cells or a small piece of tissue is placed on the inside of this plate and subsequent behaviour watched from the outside through a microscope. By careful analysis of their movements, two workers at University College, Drs. Abercrombie and Heaysman, have been able to show that the normal cells are inhibited in their movements by contacts with their neighbours. The phenomenon is called contact inhibition. Another way of thinking of it would be to say that the cells appear to be 'gregarious': lone cells of any tissue—it may be skin or liver or muscle cells—wander about until they strike another of their fellows, whereupon their movement is restricted. When, however, cancerous cells from the same sort of tissue are placed in the same situation this sort of reaction does not occur, the movements are not restricted: contact inhibition does not operate. At the Chester Beatty Research Institute we have studied this problem in more detail in collaboration with Drs. M. Abercrombie, D. M. Easty and P. C. T. Jones, J. Karthausen and K. Moreman, using a new kind of microscope known as an interference microscope. This microscope gives a coloured image, which is produced by a process somewhat

similar to that which causes the colours seen in a thin film of oil on the surface of the road; the thin sheet of cells acts in an analogous way to the oil film, and in the microscope changes in the thickness of the cells and tissues are seen as changes of colour, which gives a three-dimensional effect to the image.

## Adhesion Restricting Activity

Using this microscope, we have prepared colour films showing the movements of cells, called fibroblasts, which give rise to connective tissues. The camera is so arranged as to take pictures at intervals of a few seconds, automatically. So when the film has been completed, and is projected at twenty-four frames per second, the movements of tissue cells are speeded up 100 times. Because of this speeding up of the movement it is possible to see vividly how the cells move on the surface of the glass and react to the presence of their neighbours. Isolated, the cells are extremely active, and their outer membranes are in continuous motion, with ripples and undulations almost like those seen on a choppy sea. At the same time the cell moves, one might almost say restlessly, about the surface of the glass. Generally, however, when one cell meets another and they make contact the undulating membranes stick together. This adhesion restricts the activity and movements of the cells so that eventually, as more and more cells make contact and a complete sheet of tissue has been produced, all large-scale movement of cells ceases.

The cancer cells which we have studied under the same conditions do not form these stable adhesions either with each other or with normal cells. They are sufficiently adherent to the glass and to each other to enable them to move along smoothly; but when two undulating membranes meet they do not stick together. The movements of cancer cells are therefore not restricted by their neighbours. As in all scientific investigations, we must be careful not to generalise on the basis of particular experiments. But these results certainly suggest that the movements of normal cells in an actual organism are controlled by contact with their neighbours; this may be an important factor in leading to the production of regular structures as in the case of the marbles in the box. In the cancer tissue, on the other hand, as the cells do not form permanent adhesions with their neighbours, we can understand why, as they become increasingly malignant, the cells are unable to build up an organised tissue.

## What Causes the Abnormal Behaviour of Cells?

This, then, is the behavioural picture of the normal and abnormal cells; the problem is, what causes the abnormal behaviour? There is no certain answer but we now have a few clues. For instance, we have found in collaboration with Drs. James and Lowick that cancer cells so far studied carry a density of negative electrical charge which is almost double that of the normal cell. This result may possibly be related to the results of recent work done in the United States by Dr. Coman and his colleagues, who found tumour cells to have a decreased content of calcium. The connection here is that calcium atoms when ionised carry two units of positive electrical charge. They are, as it were, provided with two arms which can form a bridge with two negatively charged areas on neighbouring cells. Any deficiency of calcium ions will result in a relative increase of the negative charge on the cell, with a consequent loosening of the electrical bridges between cells. In the case of the cancer cell, we might argue that some physical or chemical transformation of the cell surface seems to have prevented them from using or combining with calcium in this way.

Naturally enough, the question is soon asked whether it might not be possible to attempt to restore the adhesive properties

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# NEWS DIARY

July 31–August 6

## Wednesday, July 31

Sultan of Oman's regular forces take up positions to encircle rebels

About 2,000 nurses and midwives to receive a wage increase

Commons discuss future of St. James's Theatre, London

## Thursday, August 1

General Sir Geoffrey Bourne, C.-in-C. Middle East Land Forces, flies from Cyprus to Persian Gulf to study question of military help for Sultan of Muscat

Hungarian authorities announce arrest of a big group of Roman Catholic priests

A report on London airport recommends extensions costing £17,000,000

## Friday, August 2

Representatives of employers and unions in Covent Garden market dispute begin negotiations at Ministry of Labour

Mr. Dulles puts forward western plan for air and ground inspection at London disarmament conference

R.A.F. attacks rebel encampment in Oman

## Saturday, August 3

British troops move into Oman to support Sultan in operations against rebels

Moscow radio announces that there has been a meeting between Mr. Khrushchev and President Tito of Yugoslavia

## Sunday, August 4

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrates her fifty-seventh birthday

Death of Mr. Walter George, the American statesman

Death sentence on 80-year-old French farmer, Gaston Dominici, found guilty of murdering Sir Jack Drummond and family in 1952, commuted to life imprisonment

## Monday, August 5

Agreements ending British rule in Federation of Malaya signed in Kuala Lumpur

Governor of Bank of France gives warning of dangers in French economic situation

British fact-finding mission to go to Cairo to investigate Egyptian treatment of British assets

## Tuesday, August 6

British forces reported to be ready to take part in action against rebels in Oman

Widespread thunderstorms cause damage in England and Wales

French Ministers meet to consider economic situation



The Queen listening to a group of New Zealand Guides playing Maori stick music during her tour of the World Guide Camp at Windsor last Sunday



Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, the sixty-two-year-old ruler of Negri Sembilan, who last week was elected as the head of the new independent state of Malaya. He will be installed on September 2 for a period of five years. The agreements ending British rule were signed in Kuala Lumpur on August 5



The Duke of Gloucester, contingents when he opened Jamboree, which marks the



Piles of debris left in a street in the Japanese city of Isahaya after the floods last week on the devastated island of Kyushu. Over 4,000 people were killed in the floods and about 150,000 left homeless





The Boy Scouts' Association, being cheered by members of overseas Jubilee Jamboree at Sutton Park, Warwickshire, on August 1. The birth of the founder, Lord Baden-Powell, was visited by the Queen Duke of Edinburgh last Saturday



Delegates to the disarmament conference held in London last week, photographed after attending a luncheon at Winfield House, the residence of the American Ambassador in London, on July 31. Left to right (front row): Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary; M. Jules Moch (France); Mr. V. S. Zorin (Russia); Mr. J. Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. David Johnson (Canada). Behind Mr. Dulles is Mr. Harold Stassen, leader of the American delegation



The illuminated buildings seen from the Royal Park, Greenwich, during the spectacle 'Son et Lumière', a dramatic presentation of the story of the Royal Palaces at Greenwich in terms of sound, speech, music, and light, being held every night until September 29



begun to recede injured in the



Competitors in the South Coast One Design Class taking part in a race on the second day of Cowes Regatta last Sunday. In the background is the royal yacht *Britannia* which has been anchored off Cowes during the Regatta

Left: a prize-winning float in the annual Battle of Flowers and Carnival held in Jersey, Channel Islands, on August 1



(continued from page 201)

which have been lost by the cancer cell. There are a number of possibilities and the most obvious is to attempt to restore the electrical bridges or bonds. (It appears useless to provide additional calcium since the cancer cell is already rejecting it, but we might make use of substances which carry many more electrical charges than calcium ions). The polymers familiar to us as nylon, terylene, etc., contain giant molecules in the form of elongated chains of atoms. They are, in fact, called chain molecules, each atom along their length being looked upon as a link in a very long chain. Such chain molecules can be constructed to carry a positive electrical charge at frequent intervals along their length.

These polyelectrolytes, as they are called, are extremely potent in forming electrical bridges between cells because, like a chain, they are flexible and there are many points at which they can attach themselves to the negative charges on the surfaces of two neighbouring cells. We might almost be allowed to say that the chain molecules can be used to tie two cells together. Dr. Katchalsky at the Weizman Institute in Israel has found, for example, that such substances cause red blood cells to stick together, even at very low concentrations. By comparing the way in which a series of substances of this type combine with the surface of various types of normal and tumour cell, we may eventually obtain some clue as to the nature of the change which has taken place in the structure of the surface of the cancer cell.

### Reactions to Antisera

Another approach to the problem is to examine the reaction of cells to antisera. If a foreign protein is injected into the blood stream of an animal, an antiserum is eventually produced as a defensive response. Such antisera are familiar to us as the basis for immunisation against diphtheria, poliomyelitis, etc. These substances also provide an extremely sensitive method of distinguishing one biological substance from another in the laboratory, because like calcium ions they form bridges between the molecules against which they have been prepared and thereby cause precipitation. Dr.

G. C. Easty, my colleague in our Institute, has had considerable success in using antisera as a method of comparing the structure of normal and tumour cells.

Other methods of attacking the problem suggest themselves: for example, to find out the degree to which cells become attached to surfaces of differing chemical nature. If we find that a cell will stick more readily to a sheet of protein than to a sheet of fatty substance, this will suggest that the cell surface is of a proteinaceous nature. Microscopic and other methods are also being applied to this problem. The electron microscope has been used successfully by Dr. Coman in the United States and also by Dr. Mercer in our Institute for a direct examination of the actual cell membrane.

### Attack on a Broad Front

These various studies I have mentioned, studies of the surface properties of cancer cells, are an illustration of the way in which the problem of cancer can be studied in the laboratory by direct physical and chemical measurement. But I do not wish to suggest that the surface changes are necessarily the primary cause of cancer. We might say that the surface worn by the cancer cell reflects its internal structure, much as the type of clothes which a person wears reflects his personality. The problem of the internal changes in cancer cells is being attacked by investigators on a very broad front all over the world. It is known in certain extreme cases to involve the presence of a virus within the cell, a virus which can invade living cells and, once inside, alter their character.

But a profound alteration of the kind brought about by a virus is not necessarily required to account for all the known forms of cancer, which can arise from diverse causes. The properties of an individual cell, like the characters of a whole organism, are largely determined by the nuclear chromosomes, received from male and female during fertilisation of the egg. In addition particles arise in the cytoplasm, apparently during embryonic development, which control the characteristics of a given tissue. Both nuclear and cytoplasmic controllers of the cell are giant molecules. Each giant molecule is considered to carry a secret code which

depends upon the arrangement along its length of the various nucleosides and amino acids and the way in which they are coiled up, i.e., the alphabet of which they are composed. The nature of these codes is thought to control the type of protein and other material which the cell is able to synthesise.

I should like to suggest, purely as a hypothesis, that a slight loss of organisation within this complex system inside the cell may be all that is required to produce the disorganised growth of cancer cells which I have already described. In a normal tissue cell it appears that the code within the giant molecules leads to the formation of material on the surface of the cell which fits a neighbouring cell as the key will fit the lock for which it has been made. The action of a cancer-producing agent upon the cell may then alter the code carried by the macromolecules. They now control the synthesis of surface material which no longer fits the lock of neighbouring cells and the cell begins to behave like a cancer cell.

There is some evidence that this transformation may occur by a series of step-like changes within the cell before the highly invasive type is produced. Mrs. L. Purdom has found, for example, in collaboration with Professor Klyne of Sweden, that the highly invasive type of tumour carries a higher negative electrical charge than the non-invasive type, which suggests that the cancer cell is in this instance undergoing a progressive change. There are many ways of altering a key so that it no longer fits the lock for which it was made.

### Tools for the Attack

As you will appreciate, what I have been describing are just a few aspects of a particular approach to the problem of cancer, but I hope I have been able to convey that on the broadest front the scientific method is gradually providing us with the knowledge and tools which are needed for attacking one of the greatest evils we find on the earth. If I might change my analogy of locks and keys slightly—it seems just a few short years ago we were in a darkened room searching for a hidden key to unlock a secret door. Now, at least, there is a light in the room.—*Third Programme*

## Lines by the Sea

This autumn peninsula now is wind and mist;  
over it the sun infrequently appears,  
a flat, improbable and lonely disc.

From unmourned summer the apples rock their  
boughs  
against the sky which sinks a weight of iron  
as well as greyness over field and house.

The low hills hump their backs, and  
furred by rain, conceal the truth of rocks  
yet make us think they're part of mountain  
land.

Walking the complex of bracken, stone and grass,  
we recognise the landscape has for centre

a quiet unfriendly gravity and toughness  
that use our nerves up; while the roots of gorse  
tangle our senses together with the ravelled  
water thrown in loops upon the shores.

The grey-green water rinses window panes;  
a trembling restlessness, inside and out,  
doubles the undermining that the waves  
perform upon the daylight and the mole:  
the cry of gulls tears up the mist to rags  
and enters the house through crevice and key-  
hole.

Nothing is really separable here:  
a lonely rock repeats the shape of hills;  
the mist, another water, drowns the sea.

The wind changes: though the mist shreds off  
and land and water heave up their shining layers,  
we cannot sail; the weather is too rough.

Wind-rocked offshore, the black boat's only a  
promise,  
but also the primitive and early way  
of living which we never can quite miss—  
not willingly; for if the hands could hold  
on to their backward reaching, they would find  
new to the touch what they had felt so old.

So, turning inland, we do not want to leave  
the salt-crusted, rotting boats that tell whatever  
structure the sea has, is combined with grief.

KENNETH GEE



# Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy—I

The first of two talks by ERNEST GELLNER

**T**HE untrue story is told of a Muslim conqueror who ordered the destruction of the library in Alexandria with the following argument: either the books say the same as the Koran, in which case they are superfluous, or they do not, in which case they are false. Either way, burn them! The argument is unanswerable, given that one possesses such an exhaustive repository of truth.

A movement has arisen, in the best academic circles and in the best universities, which does wish to condemn all philosophic theories in just this way. It too has a Koran which either reduplicates or refutes all doctrines, and thus renders them either undesirable or redundant. Oddly and surprisingly this new Koran is—believe it or not—the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

I am referring to the movement known as Linguistic Philosophy, notably its Oxford branch, and I am being perfectly serious. This exposition of their views may not be one they would accept without argument; it certainly is not one they themselves would use unprompted; but it is one which is as accurate and fair as any brief description can be, and one I am prepared to defend.

## 'Revealed' Status of the Dictionary

But why, you may ask, should the *Dictionary* contain the truth, let alone *all* philosophic truth? And why has its 'Revealed' status not been recognised sooner, but only after it has long been used for mundane, secular purposes (in which respect it must surely be a rarity amongst holy books)? Why is it not studied as, on all fours with the key cosmological and moral scriptures of other cultures? Why are people not married by the *O.E.D.*, why are witnesses not required to testify by it? No doubt all this is to come, when the fundamental and final nature of the *O.E.D.* is more widely recognised. It would be interesting to speculate about the moral, legal, and institutional organisation of a society which decides to make the *O.E.D.* its holy writ. But before we do that, I should like to explain why there is indeed much plausibility in this view of the *Dictionary* as a repository of all fundamental truth.

The *O.E.D.*, together with similar dictionaries of other languages, contains the final philosophy of the human race—so the doctrines of the movement imply. One would not be surprised to see some kind of secular philosophic religion built out of the totality of knowledge: indeed, such systems have been attempted and propounded. Encyclopaedism, in one form or another, is a possible and plausible attitude of the human spirit. But lexicographism—the higher lexicographism—why should just that part of human knowledge that is contained in dictionaries, a part which indeed is largely verbal or commonplace or tautologous, be treated as crucial and paramount, as the repository of the answers to the most ultimate and deeply disturbing of questions? It seems odd, it is odd, but it is so: and I shall state the case in favour of it.

I am not myself overwhelmingly sympathetic to this new religion. When puzzled about the nature of time or my own mortality, about whether life has a point or why I should be moral, I am not tempted to suppose that the answers to such questions are waiting for me in the pages of the *O.E.D.*; nor even, as some adherents of this creed might prefer to put it, that the *O.E.D.* contains information which, properly understood, will show why I need not ask such questions.

Whilst I am not sympathetic to this creed, I think I do have some glimmering of why so surprising a doctrine, so unexpected a repository of ultimate cosmological and moral truth, should come to have followers. I shall try to explain this.

## Objective and Man-centred Ways

There are two general ways of doing philosophy, two ways of getting an all-embracing picture of things: I shall call one of them the objective or cosmological way, and the other the man-centred one. The objective or cosmological way is the attempt to make some kind of complete inventory of the universe. This conception clearly underlies the famous quotation from 'Hamlet' about there being more things in heaven and on earth than are contained in Horatio's philosophy. Horatio's philosophy was deemed unsatisfactory because it was an incomplete inventory. This notion of learning or wisdom as a kind of exhaustive accountancy of the universe is still widespread outside our own tradition.

The objective or cosmological approach has at least two radical defects from our modern viewpoint. First, the inventory can never be complete and definitive. The second, and in practice overwhelmingly important, defect of the objective or cosmological approach is that the exploration of the universe has been taken over by specialists, by natural scientists.

Let us now look at what I should call the man-based or point-of-entry method in philosophy. This method tries to find out about things in general by surveying the point-of-entry by which they, so to speak, come into the universe. Suppose, for instance, that you wish to make a list of people in some place; far better than trying to count the milling and moving multitude inside, tick them off as they come in.

If what you are interested in is not the exact number of people present but merely the kind of people present, this method of covering the entrance has even greater advantages. All you need do is to find out the conditions of admittance.

The point for entry into our visual world is the eye (the conditions of entry are visibility, and the additional characteristics are those added by our visual faculties); and similarly for the other senses. Over and above the individual senses, encompassing them or using their information, is that mysterious entity, the mind. In the past, the man-based tradition in philosophy

has concentrated on this gatepost or entry-point to reality. It is man-based or man-centred in the sense that it investigates the world by looking at human knowledge as the point of entry into it. But as a vantage point from which to observe what enters our world the mind has by now great disadvantages. The individual senses are now the province of the physiologist or the experimental psychologist, not the armchair introspectionist; and the mind itself is strangely intangible, if abstracted from the brain on the one hand and from actual behaviour on the other...

It is here that language comes in as the new needle's eye, the checking point at the entrance to reality. What we know is expressible in language—at least, most of it. Hence conformity with the general conditions of language are the conditions imposed at the point of entry which enable us to survey all that is; and if not all that can be, at least all that can be said. In the past the man-centred approach could not really legislate about what can be, but only about what could be known, what the mind could take in. This seemed good enough, for that which we can never know does not concern us much, perhaps. Similarly, our new vantage point at the gate, the general possibility of statement and communication, does not in a way enable us to say what can be, but does enable us to determine what can be said: and what can never, in the very nature of things, be said, does not perhaps concern us much either.

Language, the general forms of what can or cannot be said, are the conditions of entry into our general universe of discourse; by understanding language we come to see what can and cannot be said and hence, in a sense, what can and cannot be. By standing at this point of entry we have avoided the tedious and uncompleteable task of making an inventory of what is inside the world. That which was beyond the limits of our mind we could not, *ex hypothesi*, observe or do anything with; but that which is beyond the limits of what can be said, *i.e.*, nonsense, can be studied concretely. We can utter nonsense, we can write it down, we can observe its general characteristics.

## Important Nonsense

In studying the conditions of admission at this gate, we have the advantage of being able to look at both sides of the boundary, both at what can and what cannot be said. We never had that advantage when we wanted to draw the boundary between the knowable and the unknowable. The unknowable cannot be observed, as nonsense can. Some recent philosophers have talked of what Cannot Be Said in the hushed tone in which earlier they spoke of the Noumenal, the Unknowable, the Absolute. This should make it clear why 'nonsense' is such an important term in recent philosophy. It would be wrong to suppose that its popularity has been due exclusively to its potency as a term of abuse.

Thus ultimate truth on general issues is em-



bodied in the rules of language; and our language is recorded in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Hence it is not so surprising that this should be a new kind of holy writ.

Note that this doctrine ties up with an old and plausible tradition, that of philosophy as self-knowledge. The self-knowledge in this case is the understanding of our own concepts as embodied in the words we use and in their relations to each other and to things. Hence it ties up with the Socratic tradition, with the notion of important truth somehow incapsulated in us rather than reaching us from the outside. It gives, however, a more plausible answer to the puzzle of how it is incapsulated in us, for it merely requires that we should possess a fully developed system of concepts—in other words a language—as indeed we do. We know this system in a dispositional way; we know how to operate it, that is, but we do not always know explicitly what its implicit rules are. The linguistic philosopher, with the help of the *O.E.D.*, makes the crucial rules explicit, thereby extracting from our linguistic dispositions the latent truths about our own concepts.

This account has the great merit of answering the embarrassing question of how philosophers can talk about anything seeing that they are not experimenters or observers. The old answer that they have special faculties is arrogant and unpalatable. That answer will not do nowadays. It might have carried conviction with regard to Plato's select band, or even with regard to exclusive philosophical debating societies in our best universities: but somehow no one believes that every time an assistant lectureship in philosophy in some provincial university is advertised in *The Times*, a man equipped with special powers is available. The more recent kind of answer, that the philosopher, with insight or not, studied the mind, also had disadvantages in view of the elusiveness of the entity or receptacle. But to study our own concepts through the concrete intermediary of their actual embodiment in words—that is possible, plausible, and promising!

### Language's Double Advantage

Note that this outlook combines some advantage of both the objective and the man-centred methods. Like the man-centred, it does not pursue the endless variety of things in heaven and on earth, but so to speak captures them at the point at which they enter our ken, by seeing the general forms of the expressions in which we convey and record them. On the other hand it shares with the objective approach the advantage of having something concrete and external to get hold of. We are no longer in the airy-fairy realm of 'the mind', but on the hard ground of actual expressions. Language has the double advantage of being both on the one hand man-made or mind-made, and yet concrete, tangible, external, or at any rate audible and readable.

Ultimately, at the root of the idea that philosophy is and must be the higher lexicography is the plausible notion that there are but two kinds of truth: factual and dictionary. Factual truth is the province of the experimental scientist. Dictionary truth, the rules embodied in the words we use and in their mutual relationships, in other words our concepts, are the philosopher's concern. The dictionary has already done a large part of our work for us. The only

thing left is to push that work a little further where the dictionary is not sufficiently detailed, and to select contents of the dictionary so that all the expressions relevant to some particular puzzlement appear together. An ordinary dictionary is fairly brief in its entries and is arranged alphabetically. Philosophy differs from this in that its entries are longer and collected not in virtue of the initial letter but in virtue of common relevance to some problem. Otherwise there is no difference.

The idea that there are but two kinds of truth, dictionary and factual, and no other, is an old one. The superiority of the lexicographical characterisation of non-factual truth over older names such as 'relations of ideas' or 'analytic truth' in these entities called ideas, like the receptacles called minds in which they are supposed to subsist, are elusive things: dictionaries and speech habits are concrete. Secondly, the notion of a dictionary, of a natural language, suggests an unmysterious, intelligible explanation of where the non-factual truth has its source: in the simple fact that our language has grown up the way it has.

### Rules But No Theories

But why should it be the case that the dictionary can do no wrong, or say no wrong rather? The answer is simple. The dictionary contains no theories that might be false because it contains no theories at all; it contains definitions or rules within which we have theories. To go against the dictionary is not to make a clever new move in the game of communication but to break its rules. This is precisely the new diagnosis of past, mistaken philosophy; it broke the rules governing our use of words, it went against the logic of our concepts, and the oddities which resulted sounded like novel theories but were in fact, technically, nonsense.

This argument for the authoritativeness of the dictionary can be stated in various ways. It can be put this way: after all, the language in which we express ourselves is a natural process, a human activity carried on by concrete human beings in this world. (And so it is.) This activity has its rules, like any other activity which is not random, and these rules are recorded in dictionaries, which in turn are based largely on how we actually speak.

Within these rules there is ample option; without such option language would lose its point. We can say 'it is raining' or 'it is not raining' in accordance with certain circumstances, namely whether or not it is raining. We can say 'do this' or 'don't do this' in accordance with a different kind of circumstance. One thing, however, we cannot do, and that is extend this option so as to violate the very rules within which these options normally occur. We cannot say 'there isn't really such a thing as rain at all' or 'there isn't really anything one ought to do'. Or rather we can say it, but when we say it we are, because we have violated the implicit rules of our language, speaking nonsense, not really saying anything at all.

Or put the argument another way still, a way which, incidentally, is most popular with the protagonists of this outlook. After all, they say, the meaning of a word or expression can best be seen in the standard or paradigm situation in which that word is applied—the situation which would also be invoked if we had to teach a

foreigner or a child the meaning and use of the expression. Any theory which goes against this, which implies that the paradigmatic use is mistaken, must be a case of violating the rules of the language. But it is the dictionary, if it is a good one, which specifies the standard or paradigm cases of the use of a word. Hence, the dictionary has koranic status.

You may ask: could not some at least amongst the non-lexicographical philosophers have been saying things within the rules of words? The answer is that on the whole this is not so. Statements within the limits, for instance, that it is raining or that it is not, that you should do this or not do it, are not specifically philosophical. What is characteristically philosophical is theories about whether rain, or substance or time or whatnot, in general really exist, whether there is anything you ought to do or not, and so on. This very generality pushes the statement either to the limits already specified by the *Dictionary*, in which case according to the current view it is good philosophy and merely repeats the New Koran or the *O.E.D.*—or it goes beyond and against those limits, in which case it is doomed to be false, indeed to be nonsensical.

I consider this general argument to the philosophical authoritativeness of a good dictionary profoundly fallacious. The argument is mistaken for various reasons, of which I shall specify one. It is based on the mistake of supposing that all words and expressions signify in the way in which proper names do. It is ironical that it should commit just this fallacy, for it is one which in other contexts is much attacked by the *Dictionary* koranic scholars. For it is true of proper names that we cannot challenge them without in a sense changing the language or at least the terminology. If someone is christened Tommy then to say that he is not Tommy, his christening notwithstanding, is to rename him, and not to make a discovery. Some expressions in our language are similar to names in this way. It probably makes no sense to say that there is no such thing as 'red'. 'Red' means the kind of colour we call by that name, and that is that. But to deny *transubstantiation*, or to assert it for that matter, to take a realistic example, is not a matter which can be settled by appeal to the rules of words.

### Inventory of Names as Final

An inventory of names, if accurate, is indeed final. Except for the trivial case of re-naming, no one can challenge an accurate list of names. It cannot be mistaken for it says nothing. But a dictionary or a list of our concepts is not a list of names; our concepts, the rules implicit in the actual use of our words, may be mistaken and sometimes are. The term 'transubstantiation' does have a paradigm use connected with a ritual, and it has rules governing its use which make the term generally understood; but neither the paradigmatic use, nor the commonly accepted rules for the use of the word, can decide the question whether it is a legitimate concept.

Thus the first reason why the dictionary does not have scriptural status is that most expressions are not names, their meaning is not really exhausted by the specification of their use and the paradigmatic use that occur in the dictionary. Their meaning is usually connected in a complicated way with a whole system of con-



cepts or words or ways of thinking: and it makes perfectly good sense to say that a word, unlike a name, is mistakenly used in its paradigmatic use. It makes sense to say this although we have not done any re-christening and are still continuing to use it in its old sense.

The slogan of the Dictionary koranic scholars is that the meaning of a word is its use. In a very broad sense this is true; but in that broad and trivial sense it also allows even the correct

dictionary, correct *qua* dictionary that is, to be mistaken *qua* philosophy. In the strong and narrow sense in which the slogan implies that a contradiction of the dictionary is nonsense, a violation of the very rules of the game we think we are playing, it is mistaken. The protagonists of the slogan have unfortunately not distinguished between the broad and the narrow interpretations. They convince themselves of it in its valid but empty sense, and they apply it

in its narrow and mistaken one. Thus they commit the kind of error which they claim to eradicate.

In this talk I have concentrated on why language rules are held to be crucial and why this is a mistake. I have not discussed why it has to be actual ordinary language and its dictionary, rather than a schematic simplified theory of language, as used to be supposed. That I shall do in the next talk.—*Third Programme*

# Raising the Wind

By RENÉ CUTFORTH

THESE is something about the ancient grasslands of Africa which has a profoundly disturbing effect upon white men. Something in the sting of the early morning sunlight on their skin reawakens in them the childhood sense of summer, of their own life and power—the unlimited possibilities of their own will; they feel like kings, twice life-size, and since many of them have very unkingly temperaments, the results are often dreadful. It is one of the African diseases you can expect to suffer from, like malaria, and I never knew a man who had a bigger dose of it than a certain Colonel Huff whom I first met under the shadow of a great cactus on an immense slope of sunburned grass in Ethiopia in 1942.

## Over the Grassy Mountains

I was with an Ethiopian unit at the time and we had been hurrying over the grassy mountains in the sunshine for a week or more, so as to be in time to fall upon the city of Gondar, the last stronghold of the Italians in Ethiopia; and dozens of other Ethiopian units had had the same idea. Now that the war was practically won, all sorts of strange tribes had thought it wise to send at least a token force to Gondar to prove their loyalty and to share the loot. So that the bumpy track, which was the only road, was now crammed with a gorgeous, dusty throng of bullocks and donkeys and little ponies and wild-eyed jabbering tribesmen, many of whom had brought their women along for the ride. A ragged fusillade of shots proclaimed their happiness and marked their snail-like progress. They wore crossed bandoliers of brass cartridges, small sporrans of monkey skin, and little else. By night they camped in the dust on the hillside: it was a regular soldier's nightmare.

A tremendous hooting on buffalo horns during the night had marked the arrival of yet another wild outfit on my hillside. Their commander was a Rhodesian youth called Johnson, in Terai hat and shorts. He was talking to a short, highly polished officer with a red band round his hat, all dressed up and highly regimental in boots and spurs, Sam Brown, and a highly trained ginger moustache. I had to push my way towards them through the press of tribesmen who gave out a smell like a goat farm. And they were an odd lot. They were very pale, for one thing, not much darker than sunburnt white men, and their hair, which they wore in

long frizzy ringlets, had been carefully bleached by some process to a dirty yellow; they wore huge bone earrings and dried cows' guts in coils about their necks and they were all in a state of excitement and anguish, rolling their eyes and gibbering in high falsetto voices. In the centre Colonel Huff was holding forth:

'I don't give a tuppenny damn for their gods or their grandmothers' ghosts. You will clear the whole stinking circus out of here by noon or I'll have you court-martialled.'

'It's no good, sir', the unlucky Johnson said, 'they won't go.'

'Then I'll bloody well make them go, if I have to shoot the entire outfit. They are holding up the whole grand sweep of the war', and by that phrase he gave himself away.

'Bag and baggage' at last he furiously roared, 'horse, foot, and guns, lock, stock, and barrel'; and he pushed his way out through the malodorous throng.

'Who are these chaps?' I asked. Johnson waved a weary hand.

'They're called the Hatta', he said, 'and I'd like you to meet the Hatta. They will give you a very good insight into the origin of the phrase "As mad as a Hatta".'

'Well, what's up with them?'

Johnson heaved a deep sigh.

'They've got a ghost', he said. My heart sank. Riots about pay, trouble over women, a few murders and manslaughters in the unit—these were everyday routine matters, but a ghost: that could finish the unit altogether. A ghost was a disaster.

'Unlucky ghost or ancestor's ghost?', I asked.

'Both', said Johnson, 'and if that silly little man comes kicking up a fuss, they'll kill him, you know, without thinking twice'.

After breakfast Johnson called a conference in his tent. First came the chief and, by the look of him, the maddest of all the Hattas, and then the witch-doctor wearing a sort of shawl made of Bustard-wings and stinking atrociously, and then a small, scared Ethiopian from Harar, and then a small, bold, half-breed Italian called Francesco. Johnson introduced them:

'This chap', he said, pointing to the Harari, 'can speak a bit of Hatta and a bit of Italian. Francesco can speak Italian and a bit of English. Bring in Luka', he ordered. Across the grass, supported on each side by a frightened Hatta, there came wavering a strange apparition. A very long, thin man, naked except for his monkey skin, his face a pale green, his eyes turned up,

his mouth open, walking, as if in a dream, very slowly and uncertainly with high-lifted knees. The Hatta sat him on the floor propped against a table leg and departed.

'Dis Luka', said Francesco, 'he has de ghost'.

'Now let's get it straight', said Johnson in a sensible voice like the secretary at a board meeting. 'This is what I know so far. The ancestor ghost of the Hatta, which normally lives in a tall, red pot with a leather cover which is carried about by the witch doctor, has been frightened out of his pot by an unlucky ghost who has been living until yesterday for several hundred years in a tree which we passed about eight miles south of here. This unlucky ghost left his tree as we passed it and joined the company. The ancestor ghost has now entered into Luka and the unlucky ghost is living in the ancestor ghost's pot and can't be got out. Is that right?'

Francesco spoke to the Harari who passed it on to the chief who made a loud wailing noise of assent wagging his head and shaking his hands.

'He say dat alla right', finally answered Francesco.

'Well then', said Johnson turning to the witch doctor, 'what do you advise?'

The witch doctor spoke, frowning, from a pursed, considering mouth, and Francesco said: 'He say he will have to call up de wind and blow de ghost away. It take t'ree days to make de wind blow, dancing, drinking, and drumming'.

## Great Debate

Then the great debate began and raged for hours about the tent. The wind the witch doctor spoke of was a physical wind as well as a spiritual one, and Johnson and I looked gloomily out on the baked, still landscape. There was not a breath of wind and had not been for weeks. The Chief said that if the Hatta tried to fight while in the grip of an unlucky ghost, they would all be cut to pieces. Without that ghost they were not true men. His own phrase was 'they would have the bellies of women'. Luka said nothing but lay propped with his mouth open and his eyes turned up. My knee touched his shoulder once and I was horrified to realise that his skin was ice-cold.

The Colonel arrived at twelve o'clock. He strode in.



'Come on, get out, get out of here'. But they did not move. White Man's Africa had not yet come their way. So the Colonel turned on Johnson.

'I thought I told you to be out of here by noon'.

'Yes, sir'.

'Then why are you here?'

At this moment I had a mild inspiration. I stretched a dramatic hand in the direction of Luka. He looked terrible.

'Feel his skin, sir', I said. The Colonel did so and dropped the limp arm in a hurry.

'These people', I went on indicating the Hatta outside, 'these people say that this man has a disease which their tribe is liable to catch and which may infect them all. They refuse to go on until they have made the appropriate medicines'.

The Colonel then backed hurriedly out of the tent and said: 'I'll send up the Doc'.

Johnson said afterwards that he prayed while we waited for the doctor. He was praying that he might not be some fresh-faced boy from home. And at last we saw him striding leisurely towards us, long, lean, gloomy, middle-aged, in long shabby trousers to keep the mosquitoes off — 'Africa' written all over him.

'Thank God', Johnson said, and got out the whisky bottle.

The doctor stirred Luka gently with his foot. 'Ju-ju?', he said, 'well, look, just tell me what you want and I'll try and fix it with the Colonel'.

'We want time', Johnson said, and began to explain.

'Right. I'll tell the Colonel a tale about diagnosis and inoculations, he likes words like that. I'll send in a cartload of pills. Don't eat them though. Well, thanks very much, just a little one, just three fingers, not a lot of water'.

When he had gone, the debate continued and now Johnson surpassed himself. He began with the Chief. Why did the Chief want to fight in the battle, he asked. The reply was prompt:

'To go down in song and story so that many unborn generations shall praise me'.

And did the Chief understand that unless the Hatta got a move on they would miss the battle altogether? It would not wait for them.

No, this had not entered his mind. Battles were better arranged where he came from. The sides waited for each other.

'No', said Johnson, 'not in these new world battles, and it might be interesting to hear what many unborn generations might have to say about a chief who missed the battle and came home empty-handed'.

He left the Chief to brood on that one and embarked on a theological disputation with the witch doctor.

'It is obviously true', he said, like any bishop, 'that alcohol is the food of the spirits since when men drink alcohol the spirits enter into them and move them strangely. But now there is no time for drinking and dancing. But there will be a time for it later'. He suggested that the witch doctor got into touch with the spirits, and the ancestor ghost, and promised them a tremendous orgy later in the week. He could tell the spirits that he would not waste their time with the mild Ethiopian drink called Tej, but that he, Johnson, would be happy to give six cases of Cape brandy to help raise the wind. But the wind must be raised that very afternoon.

At this the Chief suddenly burst into an impassioned oration in favour of Johnson, and when he had done a deep silence brooded in the tent for five patient minutes. Then at last the witch doctor spoke, and Francesco said:

'He say he can only make de wind blow at de beginning of a day, he will try tomorrow morning at sunrise'.

At dawn next morning we climbed to the top of the mountain. There was a thin, circular wood of straggling trees like teak trees on its summit, and the Hatta had cut everything down in the middle of it to make a circular space 100 yards across. In the centre of the space they had built a tall hut, with a conical thatch of yellow straw. The Hatta sat in a ring on the outer perimeter. Drums were beating. It was very cold. In the fifty yards of space between the hut and the Hatta the ground was covered with a thick layer of big, tough, dead leaves. As the dawn came blazing up we saw that there were eight objects arranged in the empty space. There were six cases of Cape brandy, and in front of them a tall, red pot with a bunch of green leaves

stuck in its mouth. The eighth object was Luka propped against the brandy cases.

As the sun rose the drumming grew louder and faster, the Hatta began to rock backwards and forwards and a frenzied wailing suddenly broke out in the hut. When the whole world was filled with the noise of the drumming and exactly at the moment when the whole sun stood suddenly above the horizon, everything stopped dead and there was silence except for the wailing in the hut. And then among the stiff, dead leaves grew a little whisper, a little sound of shifting, and the wind began to blow. It was a circular wind like an enormous dust-devil and it increased its force very gradually until with a tinkling like thin metal plates the stiff, old leaves rose in the air and flew with it round and round the hut, and to a height of about twenty feet the air was full of them. It blew for about three minutes and reached perhaps forty miles an hour at its height, when the bunch of green leaves in the mouth of the ancestor ghost's pot suddenly jerked out and blew away. And at that the wind began immediately to die. It took about a minute to die, and when it was dead the Hatta all got up smiling and relaxed, like a casual chattering crowd at the end of a film, and trailed away back to their camp.

We met the Colonel at the foot of the mountain. 'Those pills seem to have done your chaps a power of good', he said, 'so get 'em on the road, get 'em moving. If I miss the battle, I'll have you all court-martialled'.

Then we met Francesco. 'Ancestor's ghost safe in de pot', he said, 'and Luka O.K.'.

I am pleased to report that the Colonel missed that battle. Not because of the Hatta but because, with his unerring 'eye for country' he led his brigade into a diabolical minefield which the Italians had spread out for just such an unerring eye as his. It was to a patriot leader that the Italian general surrendered on the steps of the Banco d'Italia, and the flag that mounted drunkenly up the flagstaff fifteen minutes later was not the Union Jack but the flag of Ethiopia. The Italians had huge stores of wine and brandy in the city and the ancestor ghost had the time of his life. Until the Colonel arrived a day or two later with the forces of law and order an enjoyable time was had by all.

—Light Programme

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Reflections on the Local Newspaper

Sir,—May I offer warm thanks to Mr. Colin Wills for his kindly and penetrating 'Reflections on the Local Newspaper' (THE LISTENER, August 1). Our country papers, deep-rooted and tenacious (though these are hard times for them), nearly always serve their communities well. Many leading men in Fleet Street came from that best school of journalism, the little office where a junior reporter standing at his editor's elbow has his copy scrutinised line by line with searching questions: 'Are you sure you have got these names right? Was there nobody else on the platform? Wasn't old Buggins there? If not, why not? Find out.

What does this paragraph mean? Where are your shorthand notes? Are you sure there was nothing else worth reporting? Didn't the Vicar make any reference to this Incinerator Site question?' The reporter who can satisfy such an editor can satisfy the public.

Mr. Wills finds that some of the leading articles in the little country papers, conserving a respect for sonorous periods, pontificate and pronounce. Why not? The local editor is looked up to as a man who has studied his subject and knows what he is writing about. Why should he adopt the technique of so many million-circulating popular papers that start their leaders in a bright buttonholing style and make

their points with colloquial mateyness as if to admit that Jack is as good as the masters of economics and international affairs—and Jill even better? This was not the attitude of Delane, whose influence still reverberates from the Jupiter of Piddinghurst.

What makes me welcome the talk by Mr. Colin Wills even more enthusiastically is that I have been reading an essay by J. B. Priestley making fun of an old-fashioned country editor who genuinely served his readers, even though he expressed himself in worn rhetorical finery. Priestley describes how his Dales editor who strove to educate his public in principles and controversial affairs seems now as extinct as the



mastodon, ousted by the brazen voices from London. It is heartening to think with Mr. Wills, nevertheless, that so many solid old-fashioned country newspapers survive.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds 16

LINTON ANDREWS

### The American Way of School Life

Sir,—Mr. Jack Longland (THE LISTENER, July 25) accuses English visitors to American schools of making criticisms which are largely irrelevant. True, the cynic can easily call America a 'democracy' country, with her sociability and the teaching of democracy, and easily forget that the American school is the institution most responsible for bringing America to nationhood. America 'believes' in her schools for this reason. To say that she believes in her system of education 'in a way not yet true of England and Wales' is to mis-judge. Nationhood reached the British Isles long before state education, a late nineteenth-century after-thought. Wales, at any rate, has something in common with America: she uses her schools to safeguard her separate identity, and levies a comparatively high education rate. She too has faith in the state school, but as a place of learning.

Teachers not only have no national salary scale, but there can be considerable differences in the salaries paid by neighbouring school boards, with consequently fluid teaching staffs. He quotes an average salary of £1,300. An English teacher half way up the Burnham Scale is better off. The American has a high standard of living because he has many part-time jobs. The law of supply and demand can allow a college lecturer to earn less than a school teacher.

We need not have a 'sense of shame' because we still have a minimum leaving age of fifteen. The extension of compulsion in education (the raising of the school-leaving age) does not necessarily improve our end-product. While it may be necessary for all children in America to stay at school until eighteen so that they may become Americans, selection still has to take place at eighteen. The English child needs something different—unless the movie, commercial television, and other mass-media (unwittingly aided by the comprehensive school) make him a pseudo-American. He would be a standardised product, but lacking those counterbalancing features of the American way of life derived from their history, enthusiasm for work, self-confidence, and generosity.

Mr. Longland does well, within the limits of a conducted tour, to enumerate what we can learn from Americans. We need, in this decade of danger to our material prosperity, their high regard for technology and career guidance services. Let us keep our diversity and stability, qualities in us that Americans admire.

Yours, etc.,

Dover

ALUN TREVOR

### Freud, Marx, and Responsibility

Sir,—We are bound to go wrong on this question of freedom if we are frightened of the words 'inevitability' and 'prediction'. What we are really trying to avoid is not inevitability but compulsion, contrary to our intentions. The inevitability of success in achieving our aims is exactly what we want, and is the real freedom

we desire. The frustration of our hopes because we don't know what *must* be done to reach success is unfreedom, determinism. Scientific law, discovered and applied, gives freedom; ignorance of scientific law, or science ignored, gives disaster. Two inevitabilities—one leading to freedom, the other to compulsion.

In the illustration I gave, the variation in making use of the fact that malaria is due not to damp air but to the anopheles mosquito is quite irrelevant. What matters is that *all* the methods taken are those rendered *necessary* by the knowledge of the real cause, and are quite different from the methods which would be followed if the real cause were not known.

The whole question is further illuminated if we consider human character. A courageous man will not desert in battle, an honourable man will not forge a cheque, a decent man will not torture a child. This behaviour can be predicted with certainty, it is inevitable. Yet it is these men who are free, whereas the coward, the forger, and the psychopath are determined by outside pressures, by their fears or by the internal compulsion of a psychosis.

Freedom is not uncaused conduct, or arbitrary conduct, or a bare act of will, but conduct flowing from the trained and developed character, what Kant calls self-legislation.

If one persists in seeking a freedom which is independent of causation and knowledge and character one gets into endless difficulties. The logical analysts rightly warn us that we have created a pseudo-problem, and that stated thus it is insoluble. As Professor Butterfield puts it: we shall never solve this sort of problem until we pick up the stick by the other end.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

JOHN LEWIS

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### From Wordsworth to Yeats

Sir,—I agree, of course, with what your correspondent Miss Janice Bull seems to be saying: that writing which can be assimilated to the symbolist mode is to be found everywhere and not only in the period of Eliot and Yeats. By referring in my talk to their achievement as an 'advance in sophistication' I had in mind (although I failed fully to express this) both the way certain modern poems are made and symbolist aesthetic itself; as Mr. Kermode's *Romantic Image* seemed to me to show, symbolist theory and practice made plain the peculiar province of poetry in a way which had not been done before and in a way which, in the face of competing forms such as prose fiction and scientific discourse, defined the scope and status of the art more accurately and more explicitly than before. This was an advance, historically identifiable as such. It was one which, I would guess, may literally have saved poetry from extinction, and certainly helped to make great poetry possible, at any rate up to the death of Yeats.

I cannot agree with your correspondent's other point that 'Symbolism occurs . . . when the sense to be conveyed is of such sophistication that it is beyond the reach of logical exposition'. Indeed, I am not sure that the notion of a 'sense' to be 'conveyed' does not beg the whole question. The view, for example, that 'Sailing to Byzantium', or its sense, if that is separable

from the poem as such, is more refined and sophisticated than, say, the *De Rerum Natura*, or *The Advancement of Learning*, or *Peter Bell*, in all of which the sense is logically expounded, seems to load the word *sophisticated* with altogether too heavy a charge of meaning and implication. In describing the present situation I cannot get further than saying that these are all works of art of different kinds, that philosophy can no longer be written in verse, that moralised narrative is now the province of the novelist, and that 'Sailing to Byzantium' is the kind of thing that the poet does.

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne

PETER URE

### 'Angkor: Art and Civilisation'

Sir,—I do not know how long it is since your anonymous reviewer last refreshed his knowledge of south-east Asian archaeology, but his observations on the text by M. Groslier for *Angkor: Art and Civilisation* (THE LISTENER, July 25) suggest that it must be thirty years. In 1927 there appeared M. Ph. Stern's *Le Bayon d'Angkor Thom et l'évolution de l'art khmère* which first demonstrated that this building belonged to the decadence and not to the beginnings of Khmer culture. Work by Victor Goloubew and by M. Coedès showed the history of the successive phases of the Khmer capital. Parmentier and M. Henri Marchal have added to our knowledge of the development of Khmer art, while the definitive analysis by Gilberte de Coral-Rémusat, *L'art khmère, les grandes étapes de son évolution*, first appeared in 1940. More recently *La statuaire khmère*, by M. Boisselier, has shown that the architectural chronology can be confirmed by the analysis of statuary. Thus by the joint researches of art historians, archaeologists, architects and epigraphists what may well have been 'the most revolutionary portion of the text' in the late nineteen-twenties has become a commonplace, not only, I had always imagined, to professional workers in this field, but also to all those interested in the history of Asian art and culture.

In the circumstances it seems curious that your reviewer should have devoted about a third of his space to doubts about the chronology used by M. Groslier. I hold no brief for the latter's views, some of which I propose to discuss elsewhere, but I feel that this notice should hardly be allowed to pass in silence. May I suggest that its author borrows a copy of G. Coedès' *Pour mieux comprendre Angkor*, in order to see what has taken place in Khmer studies during the last few decades?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ANTHONY CHRISTIE

### 'The Buildings of England'

Sir,—In the review of Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner's *The Buildings of England: Cities of London and Westminster*, which appeared in THE LISTENER of July 25, it was stated that 'Cornwall, Nottingham, Middlesex, Devonshire, Durham, and the whole of London have now been dealt with'. In fact, the published volumes also include Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Derbyshire. Northumberland is expected within the next few weeks.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR



## Art

# St. Paul's through the Ages

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

**A**FTER the Great Fire, Wren, in a beguiling phrase, referred to St. Paul's as 'our patient'. Since the war the cathedral has become a patient once again, and before long we shall be able to see great improvements at the east end, which, moreover, on the evidence of *Parentalia*, will be much more in accord with what Wren probably intended, though did not carry out. But controversy continues on the subject of the appropriate setting. This is a good moment, therefore, for the publication of a conspectus of the patient's history, now presented, under the editorship of the Dean and the Librarian, in a book of nearly 200,000 words\*.

Mr. Atkins has written on the Age of Reform (1831-1934), and Dr. Matthews a shorter chapter which brings the story up to date. The other contributors are Professor C. N. L. Brooke, who is the author of the longest chapter, on medieval St. Paul's; Canon E. F. Carpenter, who covers the Tudor and the early Stuart periods; Dr. Tindal Hart, on the Age of Reason (1660-1834), and Mr. Martin S. Briggs, who summarises the building history. There are some overlappings and even some minor inconsistencies, between Mr. Briggs' chapter and the others, and the information about Wren, for instance, is to be found partly in Mr. Briggs' section and partly in Dr. Hart's: but in general the editing is good and, although a symposium, a high standard is maintained throughout.

The full title is *A History of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Men Associated with it*, and there is indeed a great deal about the men, from the dreadful Flambard, who was probably Dean and certainly a canon, to Dr. Inge, of whom the present Dean records: 'He once wrote that he felt like a mouse surrounded by four cats, meaning, one fears, the residentiary canons. It is tempting to add, in Churchillian language, "some mouse!"'. It will probably come as a surprise to many to learn that a canon of St. Paul's once became Pope—nor was he Nicholas Breakspear. It was in 1271, but the canon in question was, disappointingly, an Italian who had been foisted upon the Chapter by the Vatican without the smallest regard for English susceptibilities.

It is one of the many merits of this excellent book that no attempt has been made to whitewash the often very unedifying conduct of the St. Paul's clergy at almost every period. On the personal plane, this is largely a story, in the Middle Ages, of absenteeism and pluralism and a continual angling for translation to the richer sees (of which London was not one). There were also, here as elsewhere, the idle, parasitic chantry priests, who, at their suppression in 1547, numbered no less than fifty-four in St. Paul's alone. Early in the sixteenth century

Colet is seen trying in vain to 'cleanse the Augean stables': minor canons are frequenting taverns and bawdy-houses, and the 'lazy and venal clergy' are waxing rich on the fabulous offerings of the faithful. Under Elizabeth I 'the condition of the Cathedral and the way of life of its clergy were offensive to many serious-minded citizens', and still the efforts of the

Dean for ten years, and dean Sydney Smith, who became a canon at long last in 1831, and proved a very energetic one. 'As a preacher', we are told, 'Sydney Smith was straightforward, and in a day when sermons were usually lengthy, extraordinarily brief. He used somewhat vigorous actions in the pulpit, saying that he did not see why clergymen of the Church of England should call in the aid of paralysis to piety, and preach like holy lumps of ice'. In the eighteenth century the most notable Dean (1740-1750) was Joseph Butler, the author of the famous *Analogy of Religion*, who during his term refused the Primacy. Dr. Hart tells us that Butler once remarked to John Wesley: 'Sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelation and gifts of the Holy Spirit is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing'. Wesley's reply is not recorded.

The range of this most interesting book is very wide. How was the Cathedral heated? Until about 1859 it wasn't. 'To go to St. Paul's', said Sydney Smith in November 1833, 'is certain death. The thermometer is several degrees below zero. My sentences are frozen as they come out of my mouth and are thawed in the course of the summer, making strange noises and unexpected assertions in various parts of the Church'. And how was it lit? Only by candles and 'a few dim lamps' until 1822, when gas lighting was installed in the choir—though Mr. Atkins would seem to be at fault in attributing this innovation to Smith, who only arrived at St. Paul's nine years later. Electric light was not installed until 1902.

There are some noteworthy passages about cathedral music and about the St. Paul's organs. Bernard Smith's, completed in 1696, upon which, later, Handel was sometimes to play, stood on the choir screen, and Wren himself

designed the case. When one thinks of the many cathedrals and churches marred by outsize organs, one's heart warms to Wren for flatly refusing to increase the size of his case: and one fervently hopes that the story of his saying that the whole building was already spoilt 'by the confounded box of whistles' is authentic. Sydney Smith told John Goss that organists were like a jaded cab-horse, always longing for another stop. The enlargement of the organ and its rearrangement, in 1870-72, as a divided instrument projecting into the choir from both sides, above the stalls, is rightly deplored.

-During the last war the Cathedral received three major hits. A large bomb pierced the eastern end of the choir on October 10, 1940, and another wrought serious havoc in the north transept on April 17, 1941. But the most miraculous escape was on December 29, 1940, when the great building received a shower of incendiaries.



Interior of the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral, about 1852, showing the organ standing on the choir screen

would-be reformers, Bancroft, and, a little later, Laud, were almost wholly frustrated. After the desecration of the Cathedral by the Puritans, we find, at the Restoration, the clergy still 'scrambling for livings': at the Plague, the Dean and most of the City clergy take flight, leaving their posts unmanned. All through the eighteenth century we have the intrigues of the place-seekers, and Gibbon is smacking his lips over 'the fat slumbers of the Church'. In 1812 Maria Hackett complains that 'the Dean's attendance for the last ten months has not amounted to so many days': and even as recently as 1911 it was possible for a dean still to be in office at the age of ninety-two.

But of course these all too human goings-on are very far from the whole story. St. Paul's has harboured a long line of very distinguished men, great churchmen like Colet and Tillotson and Milman, and others whose first claim to fame lies elsewhere, like John Donne, who was

\* *A History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, edited by W. R. Matthews and W. M. Atkins (Phoenix House, 50s.), from which our illustration is taken



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Fine Art of Reading and Other Literary Studies. By David Cecil. Constable. 18s.

TWO KINDS OF CRITICISM run side by side now: the traditional kind which seeks to bring out and enhance our pleasure in a work, and the newer criticism which enquires into it. Lord David Cecil's essays in this book belong to the first kind. He is an intermediary between the writer and the reader, seeing more clearly than the one what the other is saying, and moving us to return to Jane Austen and Conrad and Pater again with a fresh understanding of them.

The essay on the fine art of reading raises some doubts. Lord David demands more from the reader than is possible. He gives the impression that we should devote our whole life to reading, and reading only the best. He insists that reading is for our pleasure, but he makes it almost a duty. And he ignores the difficulties of the pursuit. There will always be some who can find no pleasure in Swift, or who are repelled by him at twenty and discover him with pleasure at forty. Personal taste is so imperious that nothing much can be done against it, and there are readers who dutifully acknowledge that Scott and Dickens are great writers while disliking them or being bored by them. Taste can, of course, change and develop, and that is one of the indisputable rewards of reading. Yet the accidents and wrong-turnings remain: infatuations which one is ashamed to remember, misunderstandings which one would like to forget. Even these may turn out in the end to be profitable, but Lord David does not make enough allowance for them.

But when he comes to individual writers he writes with rare understanding. Surely nothing better on Conrad has been written than the essay in this book. Conrad's world of imagination, his moral standards, and his defects are there, illuminated by sympathy and judgement: a beautifully complete assessment. Pater is a more difficult subject, for the worship of the Beautiful is harder to defend than the worship of the Good, though that has led, among other things, to wars and massacres. The reason, no doubt, is that the Good is supposed to influence our actions, and that the Beautiful does not influence them in any obvious way; so that to the moralist it seems to be useless. Pater was an anomaly in the Victorian Age, pledged to the moral conception of life; and he was also an anomaly in himself. While bringing this out, Lord David corrects the picture in various ways. Pater admired Scott, whom one would not expect him to admire, and had a profound understanding of Wordsworth, whose world was so unlike his own. The unexpected throws light on a character, and Pater is made more real by being made less an aesthete than we took him to be.

On Ford and Jane Austen, Lord David is also illuminating. In an essay on Walter de la Mare he introduces a witty judgement which does not in the least diminish his admiration:

His ghosts are always and disturbingly convincing, but his material world seems too bewitched and insubstantial to deserve its name. The reader finds it hard to distinguish between the hauntings and the haunted.

Something of the same kind happens in the essay on Shakespearean comedy. Distinguishing it from other comedy of the fanciful kind, Lord David says:

It is always characteristic of Shakespeare's dream world that it is, paradoxically, the home of common sense.

Yet this remark comes in the one disappointing essay in the book. Nothing is more difficult than to apply criticism to a kind of poetry which is completely delightful. There is nothing much that can be done but to indicate one's delight, and be outtrivalled by the poetry. But on all his other subjects Lord David says things which are new as well as illuminating, and in an easy style like good conversation.

## Candles in the Sun. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Hart-Davis. 25s.

In her book, *A Blessed Girl*, published in 1953, Lady Emily Lutyens told of the singular relationship between herself and an Anglican clergyman fifty-eight years her senior, during the years 1887 to 1896. Her new book tells of her relationship with Krishnamurti and the Theosophical Society, which she joined in 1910 and left in 1930. In the earlier time she was a young girl, in the latter a wife and mother. Her disinclination for a conventional social life, her shyness, her strength of feeling, her honesty and candour, and her powers of devotion to an individual and to a cause were some of the qualities that gave strength to her obsessional pursuit of spiritual advancement.

She was thirty-six, had been married to Edwin Lutyens for thirteen years, and was the mother of five children, when some printed lectures by Mrs. Annie Besant excited her so much that she almost shouted with joy. She responded with her whole soul to the Theosophical doctrine of an impending new manifestation of eternal truth and to the personal magnetism of Mrs. Besant and the bizarre hierarchy Leadbeater. And the young Krishnamurti (whose election as the supposed vehicle of the new revelation made him sometimes exclaim 'Why did they ever pick on me?') evoked in her a response that might be called whole-hearted: it has persisted, and she still considers him 'the perfect flower of humanity'.

Unorthodox cults and fancy religions, as is well known, attract many well-meaning persons, but also attract persons who see a chance of obtaining power and money by exploiting the credulity of others; and among the aspirants to saintliness come jostling an assortment of freaks and cranks, the naive and the silly. Theosophy has had some remarkable propagators and benevolent followers, but its tenets and vocabulary, as reflected in Lady Emily's sincere pages, will not be found compelling by readers unready for 'initiations', 'auras', and 'occult chemistry'. To a younger reader, the whole boiling (if that is not too uncivil a word) may have a strong flavour of the nineteenth century: both Mrs. Besant and Charles Leadbeater were born in 1847, and where would they all have been without the leisure and money that used to be more common than they are now? Although Lady Emily resigned from the Theosophical

Society in 1930 partly because it was 'becoming more and more a flock of credulous sheep', the account she gives of her association with it is completely unmarred by scornfulness. It is in fact an honest account of a prolonged and largely happy emotional experience. She might easily have estranged her husband. She makes it painfully clear how little she helped his career and how excessive was her absenteeism, and one of the beauties of the book is her recognition of his 'extraordinary understanding and patience' and his 'great love' for her. Although it is not wanting in human interest the book cannot be called an entertainment; it offers a serious and honest narrative of peculiar persons and proceedings. Psychologists may find that it gives them ample opportunity for drawing conclusions about the unappeasable appetites of mankind.

## Collected Poems 1930-1955

By George Barker. Faber. 18s.

This book will confirm for many what they have long suspected, that George Barker is one of the three or four best poets now writing in English: perhaps the best for passion, rebellion and freedom, themes to which he constantly and nobly returns.

But over the known world of things  
The great poem folds its wings  
And from a bloody breast will give  
Even to those who disbelieve.

Even those who disbelieve will find, on almost every page of this inspiring book, lines which stamp their author as a major writer. In a short notice such as this it would be impertinent to try to pass judgement with a few 'well-chosen' quotations on twenty-five years' rewarding and rewarded service to the Muse; but the opening words of a short lyric, 'The Crystal', provide a clue:

With burning fervour  
I am forever  
Turning in my hand  
The crystal, this moment. . .

But to what purposes, in what forms? First, he cries out against all that imprisons man's spirit; but his hatred is sympathetic and generous, he is the true heir, not of the late Roy Campbell, but of D. H. Lawrence.

When will men again  
Lift irresistible fists . . .

Besides Lawrence, his ancestors are perhaps Blake, Shelley, and Yeats. His poems and images about sex are a feeling for the whole of free life, not (as sometimes they were for Dylan Thomas) feelings only about himself. He glories in freedom: it inspires his best poetry, poetry on the side of life, and not merely on the side of life, but for Barker poetry is life, and life is poetry. He makes us feel this, he makes it undeniable: with him poetry is the whole of life, and the whole of life poetry.

So that no corner can hide you, no autumn of  
leaves  
So deeply close over you that I shall not find  
you,  
To stretch down my hand and sting you with life  
Like poison that resurrects.

Technically, Barker can now do pretty well



what he likes with words, images, rhythms, patterns: some of his long poems blaze with a complexity which yet never obscures any one detail, like a set of medieval stained glass: it contains everything that lives:

Not you and not him, not me, but all of them.  
It is the conspiracy of five hundred million  
To keep alive and kick.

The reference to medieval glass was not a mere fancy: in his maturity, his mixture of a profound religious sense with a huge individual gusto, extreme sophistication and rich lyricism, he might be called the 'Archpoet' of the twentieth century.

These errors loved no less than the saint loves  
arrows

Repeat, Love has left the world. He is not here.  
O God, like love revealing yourself in absence  
So that, though farther than stars, like Love that  
sorrows

In separation, the desire in the heart of hearts  
To come home to you makes you most manifest.

On the whole, Barker is at his finest in the 'cycle', the series of lyrical and meditative elegies loosely connected in theme, suggesting and counter-suggesting, building up a world of experience. It is ironical to note that his publishers, to their eternal shame, have omitted in this *Collected Poems* the long, goliardic 'Confession of George Barker', which is perhaps his masterpiece.

#### A Time to Keep Silence. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. Murray. 15s.

Monasticism, the tourist is tempted to exclaim, is beautiful manners. He has come to the Charterhouse of Burgos at the end of a tiring day and is abashed by the courtesy with which the abbey treasures are being shown to him, as if he were the first of the day's visitors and not the last; paintings and tombs are endowed with a radiance in which he is surprised to find himself included. The tourist has encountered a Carthusian lay-brother under obedience to a particularly exacting chore, and if he chooses to speculate on the springs of this courtesy he will divine something of the quality of silence from which his guide has emerged, the silence to which, gratefully and unhurriedly, he will return. It is such an experience, but enlarged by the closer knowledge acquired in the guest-houses of St. Wandrille, Solesmes, and La Grande Trappe, that Mr. Leigh Fermor has set himself to explore.

It is a dangerous terrain, and many authors have been lost in those heaving marshes of evocative prose which monasticism, like the English countryside for copywriters, seems fated to provoke. Mr. Leigh Fermor does not always escape these perils:

We . . . have only to close our eyes for a second for the imagination to rebuild the towers and pinnacles and summon to our ears the quiet rumour of monkish activity and the sound of bells melted long ago. They emerge in the fields like the peaks of a vanished Atlantis drowned four centuries deep. The gluttoned cloisters stand uselessly among the furrows and only broken pillars mark the former symmetry of aisles and ambulatories.

It may seem unfair to isolate this passage from the many pages where the writing, for all its artifice and subtlety, remains firm and vivid, but Mr. Leigh Fermor is admired, and justly, as a writer with a delicate attention to his *métier*, and it is a disappointment when he provides ammunition for the New Philistines. The weak-

ness of elegiac prose is the facility with which it carries its author past the point of asking the awkward, and therefore necessary, questions. A luxuriance of regret closes the eyes (precisely!) to the possibility that 'aisles and ambulatories' were more surely brought down by the creeping ivy of monastic complacency than by the quick envy of princes; and if the monastic life is to be understood this is not a debate which can be shelved by archaeological romanticism.

Whenever Mr. Leigh Fermor writes from his personal experience—and this is most of the time—he pulls away, naturally and easily, from the succession of Chateaubriand. He went to St. Wandrille from the simian chatter of the Boulevard St. Germain. He wanted quiet, and he was received into the monastic silence. The transition was not without terror:

The period during which normal standards recede and the strange world becomes reality is slow, and, at first, acutely painful. . . . The desire for talk, movement and nervous expression that I had transported from Paris found, in this silent place, no response or foil, evoked no single echo. . . .

This silence is not negative. The monks are not silent because they want to pray, the silence is a consequence of their prayer, a condition of being which is a communion in Being. Many things follow—and not least the beautiful manners. Mr. Leigh Fermor, starting from this point and resolutely refusing to be anything he is not (sceptical, with 'a plain incapacity for belief'), draws very close to the monastic secret.

#### A Mirror of Witchcraft. By Christina Hole. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Witches have dwindled into no more than one of the nursery's feebler jokes, or of its less effective threats, but there was of course a time when the myth of witchcraft presented a very real and terrible menace; in the eyes of the centuries concerned, to the health of crops, animals, and persons—but in those of our own, to the unfortunate elderly ladies who, a little queer in the head perhaps from living alone or suffering from that curious psychological aberration the mania for false confession, exposed themselves to ghastly revenges on the part of a society which, because ignorant and frightened, was peculiarly barbarous also.

In *A Mirror of Witchcraft* Miss Christina Hole, who by her *Witchcraft in England* some time ago made this subject peculiarly her own, has gathered together some of the most interesting and relevant of the extant source-material and arranged it under categories (such as 'Coven and Sabbat', 'Shape-Shifting', 'Signs of Guilt', and 'The White Witch') with short introductory chapters. For those at all interested in the subject, or in its bearing upon allied studies such as social history or the anatomy of religious enthusiasm, this is an invaluable compilation; and Miss Hole's own contributions are distinguished by their unusual combination of esoteric knowledge with plain common sense. The range of sources is remarkably wide, from the invaluable detailed confession of Isobel Gowdie in 1662 to the *Daily Mirror* account (couched in the most execrable style, painfully shown up by the good seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English of most of the remaining entries) of the supposed ritual murder at Lower Quinton, in Warwickshire, in 1954.

An interesting introductory chapter, on 'Belief and Opinion', shows contemporary reaction,

both simple and sophisticated, to the witch-hunts. It is revealing to note the tolerant and rational views of the Middle Ages giving way to the hysteria and blood-lust of the reformation and counter-reformation. Enlightenment in England was finally confirmed by the Witchcraft Act of 1736, which effectively abolished all prosecutions for sorcery. Yet so late as 1768 we find Wesley angrily thundering into his private journal: 'the giving up of witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible'. And even our present century, though the quarry has altered, has not yet found 'witch-hunt' a word it can happily dispense with.


#### Being and Nothingness

By Jean-Paul Sartre. Methuen. 50s.

At last a philosopher has been found with the competence, energy, and patience to translate Jean-Paul Sartre's large treatise, *L'Être et le Néant*, first published in 1943. This is all the more fortunate because, in spite of a translation of Sartre's interesting work on the imagination and some full expositions of his principal ideas by English commentators, there has hitherto been a regrettable tendency to judge his adequacy as a philosopher by his unsatisfactory lecture, 'Existentialism is Humanism'. Miss Hazel Barnes of the University of Colorado has produced a conscientious and intelligent American translation which, though sometimes lacking in elegance, has the great merit of providing those readers, to whom the original is inaccessible, with an opportunity of estimating the value of Sartre's 'existentialism' as a carefully elaborated philosophical system. However, it is not likely that this big volume will attract any but the most earnest-minded readers, for the language is very technical, being frequently reminiscent of Hegel and Heidegger at their most obscure, and demands for its comprehension a careful grasp of the author's basic starting-point as it is set out in his difficult introduction. (Any potential reader may be assured that, if he can successfully negotiate the first twenty pages, the subsequent chapters will offer no insuperable difficulty.) Yet, when once the initial obstacles of terminology and analysis have been overcome, passages which at first sight seem to be a mere tangle of philosophical jargon can be seen to form a very definite, if intricate, pattern of meaning.

Sartre's argument rests upon a fundamental distinction between two forms of being: being-in-itself, or the 'absurd'—because gratuitous and inexplicable—reality which he describes as 'without reason for being' and about which nothing can be usefully said save that it 'is'; and, on the other hand, being-for-itself or (roughly) the human consciousness whose primary function is to bring nothingness into the world. It is to an examination of this 'for-itself' or human reality that Sartre devotes almost exclusive attention, and his originality is to have considered consciousness in terms of a nothingness which traditional philosophy had been inclined to consider as a purely logical question; he is, therefore, at one with Heidegger in treating nothingness as a serious ontological problem. Because man's supreme characteristic is to be a negating or 'nihilitating' consciousness, his life is dominated by a persistent need to be in some sense 'ahead' of himself and to move forward constantly from what he is to what he is not; it is this perpetual projection of himself towards his possibilities that constitutes the real meaning of





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his existence; by existing in this way man reveals his true nature as 'the being who is what he is not and is not what he is'. Moreover, as consciousness, he confers meaning on a world that would remain a merely crude reality if it did not come within the orbit of his intentions; it is on to the world that man projects the possibilities of himself as a 'free' consciousness and so he makes that world other than what it is. He is thus faced with an overwhelming responsibility for his existence since it is he who creates his own values. Nevertheless, there is also a serious limitation, because man is not only free but also 'condemned to be free'; he cannot escape from the circle of a 'free' consciousness which ultimately appears to be as 'absurd' and unjustifiable as Being itself. Although man's dignity and privilege is to be able to choose, he is not free *not* to choose. According to Sartre, he is also tempted by an alluring but impossible ideal: he desires to achieve a kind of plenitude or coincidence with himself and yet remain free—to be being and nothingness at the same time. Imprisoned within this awkward dilemma, he may seek to escape from the burden of his free existence by plunging into an inauthenticity which makes him something less than human. (This would explain, for example, the fascination of being absorbed into matter.)

Man seems destined to an irremediable solitude because his relations with other people are marked by conflict and discord. Incapable—as a 'nihilating' being—of experiencing a genuinely reciprocal love, he simply uses the other person as an element in his desperate efforts to establish a relationship within himself. Frankly atheistic, Sartre also rejects any religious solution to the problem; rather unwarrantably equating the concept of God with the contradictory idea of an *ens causa sui* or self-cause, he describes man as 'the desire to be God' and so makes of him 'a useless passion'.

As a system, this philosophy is perhaps too perversely one-sided and narrow to appeal to those English readers who are accustomed to more cautious forms of philosophical compromise; it certainly appears to ignore many aspects of experience which a thinker, professing allegiance to the 'phenomenological' method ought to take into account; it is an outlook which is too rigidly rational, even in its irrationality. Even so, *Being and Nothingness* reveals Sartre as an acute and penetrating philosopher who has illuminated a neglected dimension of human consciousness.

### **The Life of Mammals. By J. Z. Young. Oxford. £4 4s.**

This book is an introduction to the study of the anatomy, physiology, and development of mammals for biological and medical students who already have some familiarity with biology. It gives a very complete account of these subjects, well illustrated with numerous text figures.

Professor Young has, however, succeeded in producing a work that is a great deal more than the usual text book of methodically regimented descriptive matter. He has used the results of the latest technical developments in research methods to paint a picture of the mammal as a living organism, and to integrate the various disciplines such as anatomy, physiology, biophysics, and biochemistry in doing so. Briefly, he treats the mammals as 'homeostatic' or self-regulating machines. 'The concept of a process of homeostasis can be extremely valuable if we

recognise that it implies control by the use of an information store and if we generalise this idea to cover all life. It expresses in a word the tendency to self-maintenance that is the characteristic of all living activities'.

In developing the idea of control based upon stored information which, for instance, is coded in the genes, Professor Young has combined the various disciplines into a real biology. He has thus produced a most stimulating book that will be welcomed by all students of the life sciences, and may well prove to be the beginning of a new orientation towards biology that will produce very far-reaching results.

### **Hugo von Hofmannsthal. By H. A. Hammelmann. Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.**

The latest of the 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought' is a splendidly sustained essay on a writer known principally in this country as Richard Strauss' librettist. Hofmannsthal was born old (in 1874) into an old culture. At sixteen he astounded the artistic world of Vienna with verses that showed extraordinary assurance, purity of style and worldly knowledge. He was a phenomenon, a schoolboy who started with a perfection of understanding and utterance that would have represented ultimate achievement for many of his hoary contemporaries.

Before he reached his middle twenties Hofmannsthal lost intuitive certainty. It is from this point that his situation seems as immediate as ours today. He went through a crisis of self-confidence, an experience described in the celebrated 'Chandos Letter' of 1902, a period in which his creative ability seemed to evaporate. His sensibility, once possessed by the wealth of the past, was now painfully assaulted by the social disintegration of his time. Appalled by the prevalent misuse of words, by hollow generalisations and unconsidered judgements, he came to doubt the efficacy of language, the possibility of literary creation. And from Musil's Kakania, the nerve-centre of old Europe, he sensed the coming catastrophe. The man with all the qualities found himself unable to use them. But Hofmannsthal's urgent respect for tradition saved him from stagnation. His duty was to society, to the ailing present for the sake of the future and in recompense for the past. For him there could be no withdrawal into the pontifical seclusion of a Stefan George, since this would be to aggravate social disintegration, seen as a product of cultural disintegration, itself the result of a growing breach between art and life, between spirit and deed.

'It was the realisation', says Mr. Hammelmann, 'that art separated from life is the very symptom of the end of a civilisation, and his recognition of his own duty as an artist to keep it alive, which removed Hofmannsthal from the outset from all literary cliques, made him . . . determined to seek his own way in a diametrically opposed direction'. This directness took Hofmannsthal to the theatre, where, by 'mingling with the throng', he hoped to help bridge the gap between art and society and so contribute to a wider spiritual integration. His plays are a personal effort to check the fragmentation of life. In them he faces the problem of individual loneliness in the community and attempts to show the passing moment as a vital part of eternity.

His apprenticeship to the theatre was hard

and long. Indeed, never-ending. He wrote no more lyrics, but he always wrote lyrically, so could not become a 'popular' dramatist. His failures never drove him to anger or cynicism: he looked for the fault in himself, not in others. To the end he was consciously involved in the struggle between chaos and order, the problem of the artist as of the politician, and for its outcome he felt the deep responsibility of a grateful human, aware of an inheritance too fine to be derided or easily abandoned to anarchy.

Mr. Hammelmann has successfully combined a perceptive general essay and a neatly ordered survey of Hofmannsthal's creative periods as poet, dramatist, opera librettist and prose writer. This little book, which has an importance out of all proportion to its size, is an outstanding addition to this useful series.

### **The Hungarian Revolution: A White Book edited by Melvin J. Lasky. Published for the Congress for Cultural Freedom by Secker and Warburg. 25s.**

This is a fascinating book. By the skilful use of newspaper reports and eye-witness accounts and official statements from both sides of the barricades, it provides a fair and balanced account of the Hungarian Revolution. It does more than that. It brings the whole terrible story to life again: the heroism of the ordinary Hungarian goaded beyond endurance by Russian insolence and personal privation, the nightmarish duplicity and falsehoods of the Russian leaders, the abject servility of Communist stooges, and the helplessness of the West. Those living in Budapest today may well believe that there will be no freedom in their life-time; but as Professor Seton-Watson writes in his introduction, 'the Hungarian revolution may prove to have been Bolshevism's 1905'.

The newspaper despatches quoted in this book are a tribute to the standard of reporting in the press of the free world. There are quotations from the Italian press, and the French, the British, the American and the German, and all are of a very high quality. Perhaps the most dramatic report is that typed out on the teleprinter service from Budapest to Vienna on November 4—from the Hungarian News Agency to the Associated Press in the Austrian capital. It was the last message from the dying capital as darkness fell once again upon its people.

After reading this book, one is left with feelings of guilt and doubt; and of contempt for the garrulous impotence of the United Nations. Could the West have done more? At least we can refrain from joining in the great rush of the innocent and the blind who now seem determined to believe that after the recent purge in Moscow the future is bright with hope. Was it not the Red Army under Marshal Zhukov that put down the revolution, after making all kinds of false promises about withdrawal? Were not he and Mr. Khrushchev partners in the great betrayal? A suitable quotation reminds the reader that the Marshal's honest name was used for an earlier betrayal—in March 1945 when sixteen leaders of the Polish Underground Army were arrested and taken to the Lubianka prison in Moscow after responding to an invitation in his name to enter talks in an atmosphere of 'mutual understanding and confidence'.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Men and Masses

WHAT TELEVISION does first and foremost is to put us in touch with our fellow men, and that may be a blessing or a curse or both, it depends on you and me. There are solitary people whose lives have been transformed by it. It has abolished those lonely evenings when they are tired of reading, thinking, or remembering, when all they want is a little human company. But there are also people who have their fill of company in the course of the day's work and the day's leisure; for them perhaps television is an unmitigated curse.

As it happens I come into neither category so I can sympathise with both, and yet I find it difficult to imagine after watching the opening ceremony of 'World Scout Jubilee Jamboree' last Thursday what effect the programme could have had on the two categories. For the truth is that human beings when they exceed a fairly small number cease to be individuals and become a crowd, and a crowd when it has grown to 35,000 Scouts becomes a huge spotty area very much like and no more human than ten acres of turnips. Would my solitary viewer, wonder, derive any human companionship from this gigantic jamboree, each member of which alone or in a small group would have been good company? And, on the other hand, would my other viewer after his full social day feel that his privacy was much impaired by this merely abstract pattern of boyhood?

True, there were a few preliminary close-ups of individuals and small groups and of Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout, and the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Boy Scouts Association, each of whom delivered a speech. This jamboree, at which there were Scouts from eighty-five nations, is celebrating not only the centenary of their founder's birthday but the jubilee of the movement which falls next year, and I do not doubt that my two imaginary viewers were as impressed as I was by the dignity of the spectacle.

The human element frequently appeared as mere abstract background during Goodwood week also, in which the B.B.C. gave us liberal opportunities of viewing races on each of the

four days, but it is the horses and not the spectators that are the draw on this occasion. Not a racing or even a betting man myself, I nevertheless work up a high excitement while the race is on, but during the long process of identification of horses and jockeys in the Parade Ring before each race, admirably though this was performed by Clive Graham, my attention is considerably cooler. For viewers with eyes to spare for inessentials there were occasionally glorious glimpses of the Sussex landscape which Goodwood surveys from its altitude of 600 feet.

'At Home' programmes present an insoluble problem to their makers. The idea is—the title itself confesses as much—to give the impression—or shall we say the illusion?—of some notable person or persons in the seclusion of his, her, or their homes; in other words to give a public display of private life. It cannot be done; or, rather, if it is it must in the nature of things be a put-up job. The television outfit is installed, the member of the B.B.C. staff arrives, zero hour strikes, and the intimate, offhand, totally natural half-hour is on the air. It must surely have taken a great deal of careful preparation, and if it has not, when something has been left to



'At Home—Lord and Lady Tedder' on August 1: Richard Dimbleby (right) is shown by Lord Tedder the sword presented to him when he received the Freedom of the City of London

John Cura

nature, to the spur of the moment, how stilted and artificial it will probably seem.

The great object, one would guess, is never to allow it to appear, even for a split second, that the end of the tether has been reached, that nobody has anything left to say. Richard Dimbleby is an adept at avoiding this crisis. His pauses are never gaps. Last week his hosts were Lord and Lady Tedder at the charming old farmhouse near Banstead which is their home. The illusion was skilfully kept up by all three, so skilfully indeed that I suspected more than once that Lord Tedder was not merely a man entirely at his ease but a man giving a masterly imitation of a man entirely at his ease.

Last week's 'Facts and Figures' dealt with the smoking habit in a talk illustrated by a series of charts both plain and 'animated'. It presented briefly and neatly the evidence on which the Medical Research Council reached the conclusion that there is undoubtedly a connection



'Now' on July 31: a helicopter removing wounded from an airfield on an external stretcher, during a mock attack by paratroops

John Cura

between smoking and lung cancer. The evidence seemed to me quite convincing and its failure to force me to give up smoking can be explained only by the fact that I am a non-smoker of six weeks' standing.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

### DRAMA

#### Set in America

IN HIS NOVEL, *The Power and the Glory*, Graham Greene played cards which never fail to take tricks. The little priest with a load of guilt reminds one of the old 'tear-jerkers' about the Vicar's sin; the priest's final resolve to give his life to save another's soul—and that other a murderer—revives an echo of Sidney Carton's famous curtain line about 'a far, far better thing than I have ever done' in 'The Only Way'.

Yet Graham Greene, though dealing in emotional clichés, did not dip his pen in oil. He showed a remarkable adroitness in keeping astringent his tale of the priest who had failed in chastity and sobriety and yet retained his shreds of nobility. He achieved this by narrative skill, firmness of writing, and width of characterisation. The priest does not monopolise attention. In the vividly, even luridly, depicted 'banana belt' of Central America whose humid heat corrupts the human fibre, and in the sleazy port where the Reds are ruling and the Church is on the run, there is rich variety of character from the forlorn British exiles to Father José, who married in haste to save his skin and lived to repent at leisure. The novel did more than tell a sad story: it painted a sad society.

The play, made by Dennis Cannan and Pierre Bost, could not include all these fascinating side-lines: the priest, played by Paul Scofield, was very much the centre-piece. The televised version gave even greater prominence to this sinner-saint of shreds and patches, this frail refugee despairing of a haven either on earth or in heaven.

Pictorially, Stuart Burge's production was rich and rewarding. The scene changed rapidly and



A baby wombat shown in the first of the 'Faraway Look' programmes on July 29



effectively. One missed, occasionally, the requisite squalor. Tench, the English dentist, with his nagging stomach-ache and catarrh, his poverty and hopelessness, dreaming of Southend as he worked away in his sweltering slum premises, seemed now to be strangely clean, hearty, and brisk. But the flabby and venal Chief of Police (Elwyn Brook-Jones) and the

screams her hatred of the sweet and blameless Teru. The tough husband fortunately crashes while dodging the police in a stolen car. The lovers are left in each other's arms. A magazine story, with no subtleties, has been told with no tedium. One can hardly claim positive virtues for a yarn that avoids being wearisome and adequately serves the after-supper ninety minutes of an August evening.

The production by John Jacobs, was vigorously mobile; the wheel-chair was a fast-mover and Patrick Allen made the tough a bully-boy with looks as good as his morals were bad. David Knight, as the invalid Grant, agonised efficiently, while Mary Barclay injected the right kind of snake-bite poison into his viperish sister. Miss Chin Yü played Teru with a quietude which risked being inaudible while ensuring a muted pathos. The total result seemed neither culpable nor memorable, sufficing a holiday occasion.

'Teru' was preceded by

## Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

### Dreaming Islands

ONCE OR TWICE LATELY I have tried to sound scornful of prosaic plots faked up with a false façade of 'fantasy'. How refreshing it is, then, in a dry season, to find a stylised surface like Mediterranean water in whose depths the familiar has genuinely undergone the mysterious sea-change of imagination. Ingeborg Bachmann's 'The Cicadas' sets separate souls on a symbolic island drifting through isolated dreams, and Christopher Holme interpreted her into our language with a sensibility the rarer for its unobtrusiveness. Finely produced by Douglas Cleverdon, with no tiresome tricks, sensitively played by William Squire, Grizelda Hervey, and the others, borne up by the original music of Hans Werner Henze, this Third Programme play, if perhaps not quite a major work, had a haunted beauty, and continued to haunt the listener's imagination for some days after a first hearing.

It is another indication of the quality of 'The Cicadas' that as soon as one attempts to say with prosaic brevity what it was about one is aware of falsifying it, the images on the ocean-bed become flotsam from which the tide of feeling has receded. But the tragedy of individuality, of the human longings that other humans can no longer satisfy, of the man or woman who is, despite John Donne, an island, is at the heart of it. Each in turn appeals in silent speech to the ubiquitous and mysterious youth. Would he replace in her heart the woman's child that was not born, or the drowned son a man is for ever seeking under water? Would he be the sentient figure who will at last reveal to the drunken painter the ultimate mystery of the human form; can he pledge to the play-boy prince that one single spark will shine among the stars after the fireworks? Will not the appraising look in his eyes change to confer immortal beauty on the ageing cosmetician? Always Antonio seems to be answering 'yes'; 'yes', 'yes' and 'yes' until to the final question he calmly and gently answers 'no'.

There was a little sentimental stalemate in the short play repeated in the Home Service on Monday night, Denis Constanduros' 'Ewart and Gracie', or 'The Long Romance', very pleasantly played by Richard Waring and Kathleen Helme and lightly produced by Mary Hope Allen, is a sentimental comedy with a touch of Barresque charm and, oddly enough, a *dénouement* in which Pirandello waves a distant hand to Wilde.

Ewart, having assumed the Tennysonian name of Arthur and invented a wife named Mildred to avoid the fatal matrimonial consequences of flirtation, is, as it were, Bunburying in Battersea. Gracie can let him visit her once a week without breach of decorum because she is living with her invalid aunt. After twenty years of this, no less (which Mr. Constanduros rightly scans in forty-five minutes), Gracie has found out that Mildred is a myth and confesses



Elwyn Brook-Jones (left) as the Chief of Police and Sam Wanamaker as the Priest in 'The Power and the Glory' on August 1

rigid but human and even, on occasion, humane Lieutenant (Alan Tilvern) came authentically out of Graham Greene's novel.

Sam Wanamaker, as the Priest, was evidently concerned to show that his great ability in tough parts does not preclude a like excellence in the tender. But his eagerness to make us love that poor creature led him on a sentimental journey. His voice stayed far too often on one high note of self-pity: he was too often in the same posture of crouching humility. The man became most alive and most appealing when, once in brief safety, he could stand up and be a person and not just a character-part shambling through certain shame to a possible redemption. It was the opinion of Mr. Tappertit that 'there are strings in the human heart that had better not be vibrated'. Mr. Wanamaker should take note of that advice when playing 'wibratory' parts. Still, it was a production well worth while: I was glad to be reminded of, and so to re-read, a book whose emotional balance is beautifully held.

Last Sunday's play 'Teru', by Arndt Giusti, is also American in scene. The time is just after the last war; the issue is the colour bar, but this issue soon fades away among the flash and thunder of melodrama. The characters are familiar types: the half-paralysed war-victim, Grant, is cared for by a devoted Japanese maid, Teru. The devotion becomes mutual. Grant does not know that Teru has a husband; he turns out to be a tough criminal who comes out of 'the pan' on probation and soon falls back on his old habits of loafing, drinking, and violence.

Grant has a fiercely anti-Japanese sister, whom he defies from his wheel-chair when she



Scene from 'Teru' on August 4, with David Knight as Jeffrey Grant and Chin Yü as Teru

the vaudeville of the Moscow State Variety Theatre, whose members capably danced, tapped xylophones, conjured, and, more than capably, presented genially grotesque puppets. The artists were not asserting themselves. They did not seek to prove that everything you can do we can do better. Their level, on the whole, was that of the better 'variety' of other nations. Different from music-hall routine and most delightful was Nikolai Stalnoy's one-man all-in wrestling-match.

The second of Aidan Crawley's war 'Escape' programmes, 'The Moles', was more striking than his first. The men, big-hearted as lions while burrowing like rabbits, achieved marvels of spade-work without spades.

IVOR BROWN

[Mr. J. C. Trewin is on holiday]



that the aunt is equally unfounded in fact; she used to pour all that cocoa down the bathroom drain. But she sees that the sensible thing is to go on as they have been comfortably going all these years. Mildred and the aunt are now too real to be ignored, the relationship could not do without them, and conversation continues as before.

Pretence turns to reality another way in I. A. R. Wylie's story 'The Young in Heart', of which John Keir Cross' adaptation was broadcast on Saturday. A charming but unscrupulous family play up to a kindly old lady for her money. Only when, at the last moment, they lose it do they realise that they have come to live their parts, they have become what she contemplated.

This is sentimental comedy, too, and the comedy is very necessary if the sentiment is not to cloy. The radio performance was light enough, but I seem to remember that 'The Young in Heart' was more amusing in the old film version, when Roland Young played the work-shy, card-sharper father with all the polish in the mansion. In Martyn C. Webster's Home Service production Jean Taylor-Smith made Miss Fortune a credible old lady, and Monica Grey, as the daughter of the 'banditti'—as they call themselves—was the nice girl her young man insisted she was.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Live Voices

THERE ARE MANY WAYS of presenting current events. Broadcasting is not confined to Big Ben and the nine o'clock news. Take 'Radio News-reel', for example. Last Tuesday the following assortment was covered: the Covent Garden strike, the struggle in Oman, the financial crisis in France, a new radar-device to catch speed offenders on the road, and the Scout Jamboree. That is quite a mixed bag. Of course newspapers have more room to develop their stories, but they can never achieve the directness, the immediacy, which give a certain supremacy to sound radio. For the B.B.C. reporter is at Covent Garden ('I'm now going to escort the lorry . . . I can see one, two, three . . .'); the R.A.F. man who has flown over the rebel fort in the Arabian desert *speaks* directly to us; we *hear* Lady Baden-Powell addressing 4,000 Girl Guides in Windsor Great Park. There is a sense of participation. That is the most valuable asset of broadcasting.

It can easily be lost. The Third Programme regularly presents a news-feature about Russia, a kind of press-service of clippings from *Pravda*, *Krokodil*, etc. 'The Soviet View' is essentially a magazine. It is conceived more in terms of a specialist journal than radio; these extracts from Soviet editorials gain little by being read aloud. The actual idea of the programme and most of the contents is far from dull, but, standing as it does at a remove from real events and real people, the general effect easily achieves dullness. To hear from the 'man on the spot', to participate in active conversation and debate, that is what we want.

And that is splendidly achieved in Robert McKenzie's monthly 'Radio Link', a kind of board-room meeting held simultaneously around the globe. Last week he acted as chairman of an impromptu gathering of railwaymen from France, Germany, Sweden, U.S.A., and England. All were experts and each spoke from

his national capital. Praise must be given to the sheer technical proficiency which allowed this international conversation to flow so easily for three-quarters of an hour. I emphasise the words 'international conversation'. For though we too often think of radio as a national medium, it is (barriers of language apart) in essence an international medium and the most accessible of all international media. It is also conversation. As in all good conversation, we heard men talk fluently on matters that were of immediate interest and concern to them. As in all good talk, there was a variety of voices. This interchange of ideas and information across frontiers is bound to be stimulating. It hardly matters whether we are discussing the modernisation of railway terminals or the closing of branch-lines. As so often in radio it is more a matter of treatment than subject-matter. We will stop and listen to a man selling soap-bubbles in Oxford Street, if his voice is alive and convincing.

To be alive and convincing—these are the chief virtues of the effective orator. We have had ample chance to hear a mass of oratory recently during the American Bar Association Convention. First there was the meeting in Westminster Hall, then the unveiling of the memorial on Runnymede, and lastly the dinner in the Guildhall at which Sir Winston Churchill spoke. To judge oratory from the fireside is not quite fair. A certain mass hypnosis is necessary; a measure of communal elation must be felt. Yet the charged utterance, real energy of speech, will penetrate our sitting-rooms. It is a highly refreshing thing. 'That chap makes you listen to him', said a thirteen-year-old to his friend while we were having tea during the Runnymede ceremony on Sunday afternoon, and despite his rolling periods ('so that freedom and justice shall not perish from the earth') Sir Hartley Shawcross does not need a finer compliment.

For this is another aspect of news where radio is supreme. Newspapers may record the speech: radio presents it. There is the burble of talk among the Guildhall tables, the nasal trumpeting of the toast-master as he announces Sir Winston, the thundering cheers, the whistles and American ya-hoos of greeting—and then that familiar voice grumbling, seeming to lose itself, rising to majestic drawn-out utterance, impishly playing with its audience: 'That seems to have been the view of the English Chief Justice'—pause—*sotto voce*—'I must get this right now'—another pause, somewhat faltering 'Coke'—a triumphant snort—'Coke'. What roars of laughter! How the lawyers loved him! The newspapers will print his comments on the United Nations. We have renewed acquaintance with a man.

HAROLD BEAVER

## MUSIC

### London's Popular Festival

AMID THE MORE FASHIONABLE, celebrated and expensive festivals of music, the Promenade Concerts continue to blossom vulgarly, that is *coram populo*, in the Albert Hall. One must not expect of these popular concerts with their multifarious programmes all the refinements and high polish of a 'crack' orchestra at a festival with seats at several pounds apiece. But the performances need not, with several orchestras taking part, sink to the level of plodding dullness that was plumbed on some evenings during the first week.

The programmes continue the policy of providing an anthology of masterpieces, leavened with lighter works and not too audacious novelties. Those devoted to single composers—I except Beethoven who is a law unto himself—are apt to be heavy-going, as was that containing Four Very Serious Works by Brahms which unhappily coincided with one of Sir Malcolm Sargent's 'off' nights. But I suppose they appeal to the Promenade audience, and that is their justification.

The programme on Wednesday of last week, containing three works by Walton, may also be excepted, because one of these works was an arrangement of music by J. S. Bach ('The Wise Virgins' Suite), while the second, the lyrical Viola Concerto played by Frederick Riddle, made the greatest possible contrast to the powerful and dramatic 'Belshazzar's Feast', a fully choral event such as always stimulates Sir Malcolm. He did not, even so, get the maximum of energy from the combined B.B.C. and Royal Choral Societies, who seemed tired by the time they reached the exultant 'Alleluias'. Their words were admirably clear throughout. In this they were set a splendid example by Dennis Noble, whose diction should be held up as a model to our mumbling opera-singers. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Noble's fine voice once more in this music which he sang at the first performance. A miniature full score of the work has been published lately by the Oxford University Press, and added to my enjoyment of the performance by pin-pointing a good deal of detail that might otherwise be missed in a broadcast.

The second part of the Walton programme was devoted to Bach, but was not broadcast, the Home Service being otherwise engaged. We had heard a week before how well Sir Malcolm Sargent can handle Bach's music, with which he has not always shown so much sympathy. He treated the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto and the Suites in C and D as the entertainment music they are, and not as the prosings of a pompous bore who could not relax when he was out of the organ-loft. There was a delightful performance, too, of the Pianoforte Concerto in F minor by Denis Matthews, who was unaccountably rather disappointing when he played Mozart's D minor Concerto last Thursday.

On that evening Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic Orchestra took over the concerts for three nights. His first programme was admirably chosen, Mozart's lovely 'Serenata Notturna', one of the Horn Concertos and the one for pianoforte, balancing nicely Schubert's C major Symphony and the 'Rosamunde' Overture. The symphony is one of the conductor's favourite works; at least, I have never known him fail to get a good performance of it. He keeps it moving, without driving it too hard; he secures both clarity of texture—the woodwinds were particularly good in the Andante, an occasional sour note from an oboe notwithstanding—and a lilting rhythm that does not plod; and he realises the genial character of the work as well as its occasional plunges into tragedy.

On Friday Sir Adrian conducted an admirable performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony and accompanied a remarkable young American pianist, Lamar Crowson, in the Concerto in E flat. This was an outstanding performance, technically brilliant and thoroughly musical. The link to the finale—that test of



uncertain musicianship—was beautifully done. Another debutant from Canada, Ray Dudley, distinguished himself in Rachmaninov's Third Concerto in D minor earlier in the week, playing it with the aristocratic dignity that saves its expressiveness from sounding self-pitiful and its virtuosity from emptiness. The other pianist

of the week, Peter Katin, gave an efficient, but empty-hearted, account of Brahms' Concerto in B flat.

Among novelties there was a bright, brisk Overture, 'Bartholomew's Fair', in the tradition of Elgar's 'Cockaigne', by Iain Hamilton. And there was the quasi-novelty, Robert Simpson's

First Symphony, which is neither bright nor brisk, but of a deep, unsmiling seriousness that nevertheless contains, as its central feature, a serene contemplation of ideal beauty such as none of the composer's contemporaries has imagined.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Music of Phyllis Tate

By MARTIN COOPER

The first of three programmes of Phyllis Tate's music will be broadcast at 6.15 p.m. on Tuesday, August 13 (Third)

WHY should women have been so late in making their names in music and painting? When Madame de Staël and George Sand, Jane Austen, the Brontës and George Eliot were already household names, only Louise Bertin and (fifty years later) Cécile Chaminade and Augusta Holmes represented the tenuous and irregular line of feminine achievement in musical composition. Ethel Smyth was the first woman to compete on an equal footing with her contemporaries and it was only between the two German wars that her example encouraged a number of gifted young women in this country to devote themselves seriously to composition. But the comparative rarity of women composers even today suggests that the abstract nature of the very material of music may daunt or repel the characteristically feminine mind, if such a thing is still allowed to exist. That it does exist, and allied to remarkable creative gifts for musical composition, can be seen in the work of Phyllis Tate.

She was born in 1911 and studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where she had a symphony and an operetta ('The Policeman's Serenade') performed. These were followed by a Cello Concerto, given at Bournemouth in 1934, and a number of chamber works. All this early music now fails to satisfy the composer, who considers herself to have emerged from her 'juvenilia' with the Concerto for saxophone and strings composed in 1944. Her mature *œuvre*, then, covers the last thirteen years, and a glance at the main titles soon reveals a distinct musical character. Of the twelve works composed during this period seven are vocal and only two demand more than chamber resources—the Saxophone Concerto already mentioned and a Choral Scene from Euripides' 'The Bacchae' for double chorus. The vocal music shows, beside an original taste in the choice of texts, a marked individuality in the choice of instrumental combinations. The three main works in this class are all for solo voice or voices, with a chamber ensemble in which strings play a subordinate part to skilful and unusual combinations of wood-wind and percussion. The Nocturne (1945) makes use of four solo voices, celesta, bass clarinet and string quartet; 'Songs of Sundry Natures' (1947) are for baritone, flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn and harp, and 'The Lady of Shalott' (1956) for tenor, two pianos, celesta, nine percussion instruments and solo viola.

In the Nocturne, which remains her most ambitious work, Phyllis Tate set a text of stronger, more emotional content than in her other music for solo voices. Sidney Keyes' poem is a bitter lyrical meditation on night, death and young love, and the affinities of the music are here with Berg rather than Britten. The timbre of celesta and bass clarinet are prominent throughout and the strings form a cushion or background except in the delicate, mysterious scherzando interlude. The vocal line is often conspicuously instrumental in character, but the

lay-out of the music always allows the singers space and time for satisfactory verbal definition.

In the Choral Scene from 'The Bacchae' (1953) we have a modern counterpart of Holst's 'Rig Veda' Hymns—an esoteric text set for double chorus *a cappella* with often close and dissonant, but always smoothly moving, harmony alternating perfectly naturally with passages in a much simpler diatonic style. The resemblance to Holst is accentuated by the use of *bouche fermée*, or hummed passages which make an oddly old-fashioned effect. The most recent of Phyllis Tate's vocal works, on the other hand, might strike the listener at first as an irreverently 'contemporary' treatment of Tennyson's poems, a surrealist vision of his pre-Raphaelite imaginative world. The instrumental forces employed are almost entirely percussive—two pianos, celesta, side drum, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, glockenspiel, rattle, wire brush and gong, with a solo viola only introduced late in the score. A cursory reading of the score would almost certainly suggest a parodistic intention, a deliberate gying of the poem's dream-like character. But in fact this character is amazingly preserved and heightened by the most improbable methods—a kind of patter-song with two pianos and wire brush for 'There she weaves by night and day', a jazzy *alla marcia* for the procession of knights, and a barcarolle with echoes of Ravel's 'Valse nobles' for the Lady's journey down to Camelot.

The Saxophone Concerto of 1944 provides a brilliant and hilarious introduction to Phyllis Tate's purely instrumental music. It is in four movements—Hornpipe, Canzonetta, Scherzo, and Tarantella—which display the solo instrument's versatility as agile comedian, trick-cyclist, and sentimental singer. Here the exhilaration of sheer virtuosity is an essential part of the music and the dry, whimsical humour which is an essential feature of the composer's musical character is deliberately abandoned for a broader, more popular vein bordering sometimes on the farcical which is one aspect of the saxophone's character. The Sonata for clarinet and cello (1947) lies at the opposite extreme—elegant, melancholy, and wistful after the manner of Rawsthorne.

To compose four movements for these two instruments without allowing the musical interest to flag and to share that interest so equally between the two is a feat in itself. The variety of musical character, the apt writing and generous exploitation of the possibilities of timbre and figuration and the richness of melodic interest make this sonata a small masterpiece, unique of its kind and perhaps the most musically distinguished piece that Phyllis Tate has written.

In the String Quartet (1952) she shows the same richness of invention and an easy mastery of academic devices in a notoriously difficult form. As befits a quartet, this is probably the most abstract and intellectual of her works though it is anything but dry. If anything, it suffers from an excess of material, so that the

listener needs all his wits about him to follow and appreciate the dexterity of the craftsmanship and the close reasoning of what—as so often in this composer's work—seem at first disarmingly simple propositions.

The two remaining works are both for chamber combinations—Triptych (Prelude, Scherzo and Soliloquy) for violin and piano (1954) and Air and Variations for violin, clarinet, and piano (1957). In these two modest-seeming pieces Phyllis Tate contrives to pack an extraordinary amount of characteristic invention, variety of mood and widely differing levels of thought and feeling. The Prelude opens with a typical *andante* theme contrasted with a mysterious succession of chords, and these form the material of the movement except for a livelier middle section *alla polonaise*. The Scherzo, marked by frequent changes of tempo, is followed by the final Soliloquy which contains the emotional kernel of the whole work. In it a 16-bar melody, of a highly charged lyrical character, alternates with a more rhythmically marked idea whose structure—based on alternating major and minor thirds—and desolate, melancholy character again suggests an affinity with Rawsthorne. There are few movements in which the composer has shown more clearly her fundamentally lyrical musical character and that strong vein of disillusionment which, with her as with so many contemporaries, lies beneath the witty or sardonic exterior.

There is nothing so intimately revealing in the Air and Variations. This consists of six short movements—the air, first announced by the piano; Aubade for clarinet and piano; Tempo di Valse for the trio; Serenade for violin and piano; Tarantella for violin and clarinet; and final Fugal March for the trio. The character of each of these is very clearly marked, by individual rhythms and textures. Harmonically, the language is tart but unmistakably tonal, as always, with the composer's favourite and easy expeditions into a more diatonic idiom in which echoes of popular music seem perfectly natural.

Phyllis Tate is, in fact, an unmistakable musical 'character' whose flavour is like no other. She provides perhaps the only example of the woman composer content to be herself and free from any suspicion of self-consciousness. In reaction against the pretty, miniature charm and drawing-room gracefulness which women as well as men until recently expected of a woman artist—and found in Chaminade, Alicia Adelaide Needham, or Amy Woodford Finden—many women today go to the other extreme and cultivate an exaggerated violence of expression or a conscious intellectuality popularly considered as characteristically masculine traits. Phyllis Tate's music, on the other hand, neither minces nor shouts. Grace and delicacy are there in plenty, but without a hint of encraving prettiness; and the natural tone, whimsical humour and quiet, unostentatious tenderness of feeling suggest a confidence and relaxation of temperament which are as rare as they are welcome.



Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

A SIMPLE LIVER PÂTÉ

I ALWAYS THOUGHT, until I found this recipe, that pâtés were too complicated to be worth the bother, but this liver pâté, I assure you, is very simple. You need 1 lb. of pig's liver, 1 onion, and about 6 oz. of streaky bacon, the fatter the better. Fry the liver for a minute or two—just long enough to make it firm enough to mince—then put it, and the onion, through the mincer. Line a round or oval dish, bottom and sides, with some of the bacon. Fill it with the liver mixture and some strips of bacon in layers, ending with a layer of bacon, and add salt, pepper, mixed herbs, and a small glass of sherry or red wine. If you do not care for sherry or wine, it is not necessary to add any liquid at all. Cover the dish with greaseproof paper, or tin-foil, tie it tightly, and cook in a low oven for a couple of hours. Then put it aside to cool. And there you have a *pâté maison* you will find you can cut into for days.

JOAN YORKE

STUFFED MARROW

You will need one small vegetable marrow, which you should peel, and then with a sharp knife cut a wedge lengthways out of the marrow, and scoop out the seeds. For the filling you mix together 2 tablespoons of suet, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, one egg, ¼ lb. of sausage meat, or minced beef, or chopped ham,

4 tablespoons of soft breadcrumbs, and salt and pepper to taste. Stuff the marrow and replace the wedge. Stand it in two inches of water in a baking tin and cover with another tin. Bake in a moderate oven till tender when tested—usually about an hour. Serve with gravy or white sauce made from the water remaining in the tin.

MOLLY WEIR

MARSHMALLOW MOUSSE

Marshmallow mousse is a good accompaniment to red- or black-currants, and easy to prepare. Melt ¼ lb. of marshmallows with ¼ of a pint of black coffee till it is thoroughly blended and leave it to get cool. Then whip up ¼ of a pint of cream, fold it into the mixture, and put it away to get thoroughly cold.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

BRIGADIER R. V. HUME, C.M.G., C.B.E. (page 187): Acting Military Attaché, Berlin, 1921-27; joined Military Government in Germany 1944; Commander, Hanover, 1945-47; H.M. Consul, Kiel, 1954-55  
PHILIP MASON (page 189): Director of Studies in Race Relations, Chatham House, since 1952; Indian Civil Service 1928-47; author (as Philip Mason) of *Christianity and Race*,

*Racial Tension* and (as Philip Woodruff) of *The Guardians*, etc.

IAN T. MORROW (page 190): joint managing director of the Brush Group, Ltd., since 1956; led Anglo-American Council on Productivity team on management accounting to United States 1950; President of the Institute of Cost and Works Accountants 1955-56

R. M. JACKSON, LL.D. (page 195): Reader in Public Law and Administration, Cambridge University; member of the Royal Commission on the law relating to mental illness and mental deficiency whose report was published in June; author of *The Machinery of Justice in England*, etc.

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 197): Head of the Department of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; member of the editorial board, *The Architectural Review*; author of *The Buildings of England: London (Cities of London and Westminster)*, etc.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS (page 199): architect; Past President, Design and Industry Association; author of *Town and Country Planning, Wales Delineated, The Adventure of Building*, etc.

E. J. AMBROSE (page 201): biophysicist at the Chester Beatty Research Institute

ERNEST GELLNER (page 205): Lecturer in Philosophy, London University

RENÉ CUTFORTH (page 207): author of *René Cutforth Reporting* and *Korean Reporter*

Crossword No. 1,419. Like and Unlike. By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

Each clue leads to an intermediary word (A) and the number in brackets after it is the number of letters in that word. In Across clues, the light is a word of opposite meaning to the word (A). If the word (A) were LOW, the light might be HIGH. In Down clues, the light is a word associated with the word (A). If the word (A) were SEALS, the light might be OFFICE or WAX.

The unchecked letters appear in: KEEP A JAY; SCAN EVERY PIECE; PA DUE NOW.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1. Destitute of ideas (7)
- 5. Queer society, without fellows (3)
- 8. Decline a new alteration (4)
- 11. Decline in value (4)
- 12. Money, vulgarly got from his *magnum opus* (5)
- 13. Obvious alternative to thick (5)
- 14. Abstinence (7)
- 17. Most of the year, indeed! (3)
- 18. Felt by some who draw it (4)
- 19. Disposed (5)
- 20. Victorian ladies always were, at times (2, 4)
- 21. Strengthen this coarse fabric (6)
- 24. Brave, virile fellows (2-3)
- 26. Find serenity in poetical measures (4)
- 27. The one who pays (5)
- 29. Duck coop not closed (4)
- 30. Not often one has to depend on the Artillery (6)
- 31. Badger disturbed at a subsequent time (5)
- 32. He was translated (6)
- 34. The shaft of Shakespeare's carriage (4)
- 36. Stupidity of a dictator portrayed (6)
- 37. Ruin among those 'bound over' (4)
- 38. Mrs. Arabin was once (4)
- 40. V.I.P.'s in big business (5)
- 42. Officer in embryo? (5)
- 45. A future state (9)
- 48. Oppose a refractory sister (6)
- 50. Begin by taking most of the upper off an old shoe (5)
- 52. Government of Mary, with cunning, there in France (9)
- 54. Country girl to cut a caper (6)
- 55. Much greater change to go without food (6)
- 56. Leave accounts unsettled (3)
- 57. Acts together, but there's a set back in the end (6)
- 58. Originates (6)

DOWN

- 1. Dry atmosphere (3)
- 2. Plot in Bedford (3)
- 3. Crooked decoy becomes governor (5)
- 4. Cask big enough to hold two boar's heads? (4)
- 6. Dandy who starts the trouble is not old (6)
- 7. One of nine is, in truth, a liability (6)
- 8. Six gallons for a Jew (4)
- 9. The singing of birds is attractive (5)
- 10. Thus boxes an old Greek (8)
- 13. Had Banquo eaten this root? (6)
- 15. This count is serious (5)
- 16. Vulgar cheat (5)
- 20. Stock which starts French suspicion (4)

- 22. Piercing words, maybe (5)
- 23. For Miss Malone in Lancs? (6)
- 25. Diana and I without a country, maybe (5)
- 28R. Meal-time communication (7)
- 29. College associated with Caius? (4)
- 33. Makes things go easily while in Spenser's favour (6)
- 35. Latin times (7)
- 36. Latin girl (6)
- 39. Mohammedan easily changes into this material (6)
- 41. Latin man (4)
- 42. They proverbially fall (6)
- 44. Many rare pieces have been sold by his firm (8)
- 46. There's always dust in this trade (8)
- 47. Their members are often 'well-informed' (7)
- 49. Not odd, even in France (4)
- 51. It is brilliant, usually once (5)
- 52. It's one's own (10)
- 53. London street, frequented by 'birds'? (7)

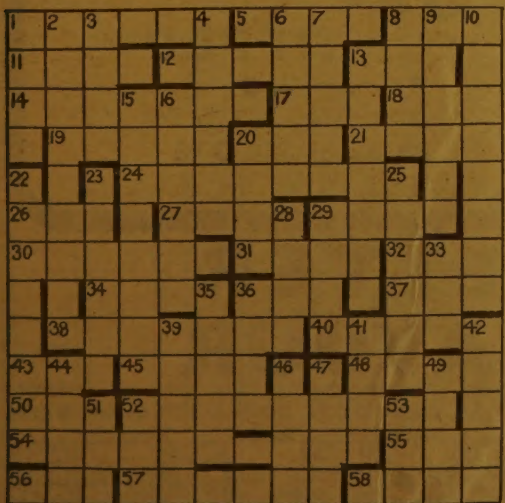
Solution of No. 1,417

C	C	U	B	A	T	I	O	N	A	T	E
I	T	C	H	E	R	S	B	I	R	R	I
S	H	R	E	M	A	T	I	S	T	I	C
C	L	E	R	O	G	E	N	O	U	S	H
I	T	C	I	N	G	N	O	N	R	I	O
T	P	E	M	A	N	T	U	S	E	A	S
A	S	S	O	S	T	A	R	L	I	N	G
T	S	I	P	H	U	S	E	A	N	N	Y
T	S	E	E	T	E	R	E	N	T	I	E
O	S	T	R	U	M	Y	A	D	C	A	P
N	E	S	T	I	M	A	B	L	E	X	E

NOTES

'Tails You Win' implies 'Heads You Lose': all words are beheaded.  
Across: 1. Ac-cuba-tion. 8. Coate Farm: Richard Jefferies. 12. Pitchers have ears—walls have ears. 15. Sbirri. 16. Chrematistics, anag. 'cite Christmas'. 17. Sclerogenous. 19. Dicing. 20. Anon. 1 Hen. IV. 21. 22. Orion. 23. Ape-man (Gorilla). 24. Timon of Athens. 26. Beast. 666. Revelation XIII. 18. 27. Lasson. 29. Starlings roost there. 32. Sisyphus. 33. 6D. Fanny Robin. Far from the Maddening Crowd. 36. Mice. 37. De-terre-nt. 41. Rostrum. 42. M-adc-aps. 43. Inestimable. 44. Axes.  
Down: 1. Sc-is-citation. 2. Ech-lipsis—omission of a letter. 3. Rape of Lucrece (Shaks.). 4. Daemon. 5. Wist-it. 7. Uni-s-on. 8. Tort-ure. 9. Prioress, Prologue to Canterbury Tales—Parisian. 10. Stichos, anag. 'his cost'. 11. Peasantry. Sae (so) up in pantry. 13. Cherimoyer. 14. Wragg. 18. Cent-a-ury. 21. Fours. 24. Wasp, nests are dug out by badgers. 25. Anthem, anag. 'the man'. 28. As-sets. 30. Glee-d. 31. Fiance. 34. Untax. 35. Snipe drums by spreading tail feathers. 38. Etui. 39. Crab. 40. Mess.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: D. A. Nicholls (Chester); 2nd prize: H. D. Wakely (Tunbridge Wells); 3rd prize: A. L. Kneen (Heswall)



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